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SHAKESPEARE









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Julius Caesar
Act I. Scene III.

RECENTLY PRINTED FROM
TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S
LAST EDITION,
WITH
A SELECTION
OF
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

VOLUME XV.

CONTAINING
US CASES

10110 201101
H A S T A D



JULIUS CAES.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Caesar, } *Triumvirs, after the Death*
 Caesar, } *of Julius Caesar.*
 Antonius, }
 L. Lepidus, }

Publius, Popilius Lena, Senators,
 Brutus, }

Brutus, } *Conspirators against Julius*
 Cassius, } *Caesar.*

Brutus,
 Cimber, }

and Marullus, Tribunes.

Flavius, a Sophist of Cnidos.

Messenger.

Poet, Another Poet.

Titinius, Messala; Young Cato, a
 friend to Brutus and Cassius.

Strato, Claudius, Lucius, Dardanius,

Servants to Brutus,

Servant to Cassius.

Portia, Wife to Caesar.

Wife to Brutus.

Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Acting during a great part of the play,
 afterwards at Sardis; and near
 Philippi.

JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get
you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art
thou?

1. *Cit.* Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, Sir; what trade are you?

2. *Cit.* Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me
directly.

2. *Cit.* A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use
with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, Sir, a
mender of bad soles.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou ~~knave~~
2. *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be ~~not~~
with me: yet, if you be out, Sir, I can ~~meddle~~
ou.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend ~~me~~
thou saucy fellow?

2. *Cit.* Why, Sir, cobble you.
Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2. *Cit.* Truly, Sir, all that I live by is, with
the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters,
nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed,
Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great
danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever
trod upon neat-leather, have gone upon my handy-
work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2. *Cit.* Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to
get myself into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we
make holiday, to see Caesar, and to rejoice in
his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless

things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,

JULIUS CAESAR.

Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now call out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for
this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, wher their basest metal he not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter, in procession, with musick, CAESAR ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIVS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIVS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Caes. Calphurnia, —

Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks,
[*Musick cease*

Caes. Calphurnia, —

Cal. Here, my Lord.

Caes. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. — Antonius.

Ant. Caesar, my Lord.

Caes. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterill curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Caesar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Caes. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Musick*

Sooth. Caesar.

Caes. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: — Peace yet again
[*Musick cease.*

Caes. Who is it in the press, that calls on me
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,

Cry, Caesar: Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Caes. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides
March.

Caes. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look
upon Caesar.

Caes. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once
again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Caes. He is a dreamer: let us leave him;— pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Caes. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;

*By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.*

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other thing.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Caesar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,

Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to
hear:

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people

Choose Caesar for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Br. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
 well; —

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

See honour in one eye, and death in the other,

And I will look on both indifferently;

For 'tis the Gods so speed me, as I love.

The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus;

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story. —

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar; so were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Caesar said to one, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point? — Upon the word,

Acconter'd as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews; throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

Caesar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of

Tiber

Did I the tired Caesar: And this man

Is now become a God; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this God did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books;
 Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestick world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Br. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

Ca. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Caesar: What should be in that
 Caesar?

Why should that name be sounded more than
 yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

*Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.*

[*Shout.*]

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CAESAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve.
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

JULIUS CAESAR.

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Bru. I will do so: — But, look you, Cassius;
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Caes. Antonius.

Ant. Caesar.

Caes. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Caes. 'Would he were fatter: — But I fear him
not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
While'st they behold a greater than themselves;

And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
[*Exeunt* CAESAR, and his train
CASCA stays behind]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; — and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd

a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Caesar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: — and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their Worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!* — and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise.
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so,— till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

JULIUS CAESAR.

ar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus :
were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
should not humour me. I will this night,
several hauds, in at his windows throw;
if they came from several citizens,
ritings, all tending to the great opinion
hat Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him or worse days endure. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Caesar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sw
of earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and fo
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too sancy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wor

Casca. A common slave (you know him well
by sight;)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,

Without annoying me: And there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,

Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,

Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,

Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

These are their reasons, — They are natural;

For, I believe, they are portentous things

Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:

But men may construe things after their fashion,

Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius

Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full
of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks
of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits
'To make them instruments of fear, and warn
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, C
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me

...minds are dead,
I am govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
And sufferance show us womanish.
Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
shall establish Caesar as a King:
I shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In place, save here in Italy,
I know where I will wear this dagger then;
From bondage will deliver Cassius:
O ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
O ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:
No tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
No dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Are match to the strength of spirit;
Being weary of these wordly bars,
I seek power to dismiss itself.
I wish, know all the world besides,
To quit of tyranny, that I do bear,
To live at pleasure.
So can I.

So vile a thing as Caesar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
There is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold my hand;
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no sit, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.
Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
In haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait.
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you.—What's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

JULIUS CAESAR.

21

12. Yes.
 13. O, Cassius, if you could but win
 noble Brutus to our party —
 14. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this
 paper,

And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
 so Brutus may but find it; and throw this
 in his window: set this up with wax
 to old Brutus' statue: all this done,
 go to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us:
 I'll be there. —
 15. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
 to seek you at your house. Well, I will, he,
 so bestow these papers as you bade me.

16. That done, I'll repair to Pompey's theatre.
 [Exit CINNA.]

17. O, Cassius, you and I will, yet, ere day,
 bring Brutus to his house: I have parts of him
 already, and the man entire.

18. O, the gods high in all the people's hearts;
 that, which would appear offence in us,
 countenance, like richest alchemy,
 change to virtue, and to worthiness.

19. Hark! and this word: and our great need
 of him,

have I right well conceived. Let us go,
 this night, and this day, and be sure of him.

[Exit.]

20. [Enter METELLUS CIMBER.]
 I have parts of him already, and the man entire.

21. [Enter CASSIUS.]
 I have parts of him already, and the man entire.

ACT II - SCENE I

The same. Brutus's Orchard

Enter BAUTUS.

Brus. What, Lucius! (hor.) — I cannot, by the progress of the stars! Give guess how near to day. — *Lucius*, I would it were my fault to sleep so sound. When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! — *Lucius!*

Enter **LUCIUS.**

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, I
When it is lighted, come and call me in.

Luc. I will, my Lord.

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for
I know no personal cause to spurn at
But for the general. He would be crow
How that might change his nature,
question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth
And that craves wary walking. Crow

And then, I grant, we put a sting in it
That stings him: will he may do danger with
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak
Caesar.

*I have not known when his affections
More than his reason. But 'tis a com
That lowliness is young ambition's la
Whereto the climber-upward turns hi*

hen he once attains the utmost round,
 'n unto the ladder turns his back,
 in the clouds; scorning the base degrees
 ick he did ascend: So Caesar may;
 lest he may prevent. And, since the
 quarrel
 ear no colour for the thing he is,
 n it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 run to these, and these extremities;
 erefore think him as a serpent's egg;
 , hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
 chievous;
 ill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir,
 ing the window for a flint, I found
 aper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
 not lie there, when I went to bed.
 . Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
 . I know not, Sir.
 . Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
 . I will, Sir. [Exit.]

. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 so much light, that I may read by them.
 [Opens the letter, and reads.]

s, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

s, thou sleep'st; awake, —

instigations have been often dropp'd

FF have look them up.

Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;

What stand under one man's awe? What!

Rome?

a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Caesar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Caesar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: — and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their Worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!* — and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit Casca.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize.

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so,— till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:

For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Caesar doth bear me hard; but he loves Br
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius
 He should not humour me. I will this nig
 In several hands, in at his windows throw;
 As if they came from several citizens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name; wherein obs
 Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
 And, after this, let Caesar seat him sure;
 For we will shake him or worse days endu

S O E N E III.

The same. A Street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from op
 sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn,
 CICERO,*

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you (
home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the
of earth

Stakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding win
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wou

JULIUS CAESAR.

Cassius. A common slave (you know him well by sight,)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorah'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without stirring me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons, — *They are natural*;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Come Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cassius. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Cassa: this disturbed sky
Is not to sleep to.

Cassa. Farewell, Cicero.

[Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Cassa. A Roman.

Cas. Caesar, by your voice.

Cassa. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night
is this?

Vol. xv.

Cas. A very pleasing ni
Casca. Who ever knew
Cas. Those, that have

For my part, I have wall
 Submitting me unto the p
 And, thus unbraced, Cas
 Have bar'd my bosom to
 And, when the cross blue
 The breast of heaven, I c
 Even in the aim and very
Casca. But wherefore

It is the part of men to fe
 When the most mighty G
 Such dreadful heralds to
Cas. You are dull, C

That should be in a Roma
 Or else you use not: You
 And put on fear, and cas
 To see the strange impatie
 But if you would consider
 Why all these fires, why
 Why birds, and beasts, f
 Why old men fools, and
 Why all these things chan
 Their natures, and pre-fo
 The To monstrous quality; wh
 To be that heaven hath infus'd
 But neo make them instrument
 Did I nto some monstrous state
 Either ame to thee a man most
 Or elshat thunders, lightens,
 Incense doth the lion in the Ca
Cic. man no mightier than ti

rational action; yet prodigious growth,
 fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

12ca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean: Is it not,
 Cassius?

12s. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
 throwes and limbs like to their ancestors;
 woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
 we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
 yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

12ca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 to establish Caesar as a King:

12s. He shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
 every place, save here in Italy,

12s. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
 Rome from bondage will deliver Cassius:

12ca. Rein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
 12s. Rein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat:

12ca. Stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;

12s. So, being weary of these wordly bars,
 It lacks power to dismiss itself.

12ca. Now this, know all the world besides,
 Part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I take off at pleasure.

12s. So can I:

12ca. A bondman in his own hand bears
 Power to cancel his captivity.

12s. And why should Caesar be a tyrant then?

12ca. No! I know, he would not be a wolf,

For he sees, the Romans are but sheep:

12s. No lion, were not Romans hinds.

12ca. With haste will make a mighty fire,

Of weak straws: What trash is Rome,

And what offal, when it serves

Matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Caesar? But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
There is no fleeing tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honourable dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stit, or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd; like the work we have in hand, none
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait.
He is a friend:—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you for what?—What's that?
Mistake me not?—

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, O, Cassius, if you could but win
You are O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party.

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this

And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Franginus there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house: Well, I will bid
And so bestow these papers, as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
Go, Cinna, and I will, yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire
Upon the next morn'g will yield himself.

Casca. O, I hear high all the people's hearts
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his death, and four great ones
of him,

You have right well conceited: Let us go.
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
[*Exeunt.*]

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
Cas. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
Cas. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same. Brutus's Orchard.**Enter BRUTUS.*

Bru. What? Lucius! (he calls) — I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to days — *Lucius, I say!*
I would it were my fault, to sleep so soundly —
When, *Lucius!* when? *Awake, I say!* — What?

*Enter LUCIUS.**Luc.* Call'd you, my Lord?*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius!*
When it is lighted, come and call me here.*Luc.* I will, my Lord.

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general: he would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder:
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth,

Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attacks the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, assuming the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: So Caesar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
 quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he does,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
 chievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir,
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus sealed up; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself;

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, —

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What

Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin Drive, when he was call'd a King
Speak, strike, redress!— Am I entreated
 To *— speak, and strike?* O Rome! I make
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some
 knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
 I have not slept.
 Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The genius and the mortal instruments,
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door
 Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir; their faces are pluck'd about the
 ears,
 And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
 That by no means I may discover them.

When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes; every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman hears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper.]

Dec. Here lies the east; Doth not the day break
here?

sufferance
these be motives weak,
every man hence to his idle bent,
let high-sighted tyranny range on,
let each man drop by lottery. But if there,
I am sure they do, bear fire enough
to kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
the melting spirits of women; then,
what need we any spur, but our own cause,
to prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,

To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath: when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Gin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with
him:
For he will never follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only
Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: — I think, it is not
meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: We shall find of him

A shrewd contriver: and, you know, his means
If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Caesar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards.



JULIUS CAESAR.

ony is but a limb of Caesar.
e sacrificers . but not butchers , Caius.
stand up against the spirit of Caesar ;
he spirit of men there is no blood :
we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
dismember Caesar ! But , alas,
must bleed for it ! And , gentle friends,
him boldly , but not wrathfully ;
re him as a dish fit for the Gods ,
him as a carcase fit for hounds :
our hearts , as subtle masters do ,
their servants to an act of rage ,
r seem to chide them . This shall make
ose necessary , and not envious :
appearing to the common eyes ,
be call'd purgers , not murderers .
Mark Antony , think not of him ;
nd do no more than Caesar's arm ,
esar's head is off .

et I do fear him :
e ingrafted love he bears to Caesar , —
las , good Cassius , do not think of him :
e Caesar , all that he can do
self ; take thought , and die for Caesar :
were much he should ; for he is given
to wildness , and much company .
There is no fear in him : let him not die ;
ill live , and laugh at this hereafter .

[Clock strikes.

ease , count the clock .
he clock hath stricken three .
Tis time to part .

it is doubtful yet ,
ar will come forth to-day , or no :
perstitious grown of late ;
the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
and bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave
you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all re-
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true Ro-
mans.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With unfix'd spirits, and formal constancy;
And so, good-morrow to you every one.
Exeunt all but Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! — Fast asleep? It is no ma
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of me
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Par. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore
 you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
 Your weak condition to the raw-cold morn

Par. Nor for yours neither. You have un
 Brutus,

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:

I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;

But, with an angry westure of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,

Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, w
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,

Which sometime bath his hour with every
 It will not let you eat; nor talk, nor sleep

And, could it work so much upon your sh
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition

I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my
 Make me acquainted with your cause of gri

Bru. I am not well in health, and that i

Pro. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in
 He would embrace the means to come by

JULIUS CAESAR.

Bru. Why, so I do: — Good Portia,
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical

To walk unbraced, and suck up the hum
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended breath,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.
ent, I am a woman; but, withal,

A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
 A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them;
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound
 Here in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Br. O ye Gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows: —
 Leave me with haste. *[Exit PORTIA.]*

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that, knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with
 you.

Br. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —
 Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Br. O, what a time have you chose out, brave
 Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Br. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
 I here

work, that will make sick men
whole.
But are not some whole, that we must make
sick? What it is, my Cæsar,
That must we also. What it is, my Cæsar,
unfold to thee, as we are going on, and
as it must be done.
et on your foot;
I follow you,
I follow you, but it sufficeth
know not what, but it sufficeth,
as lead me on.
Follow me then.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

ne. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

Lightning. Enter Cæsar.

Night.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Caes. Caesar shall forth: The things, that threaten d me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies, Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Besides the things that we have heard and seen, Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch. A lioness hath whelped in the streets; And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead: Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol: The noise of battle hurtled in the air, Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan; And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets. O Caesar! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

Caes. What can be avoided, Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods? Yet Caesar shall go forth, for these predictions Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Caes. Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear.

; that death, a necessary end,
some, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

2. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

ing the entrails of an offering forth,
could not find a heart within the beast.

3. The Gods do this in shame of cowardice:

should be a beast without a heart,

should stay at home to-day for fear,

Caesar shall not: Danger knows full well,

Caesar is more dangerous than he.

ere two lions litter'd in one day,

the elder and more terrible;

Caesar shall go forth.

Alas, my Lord,

wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

I go forth to-day: Call it my fear,

keeps you in the house, and not your own.

send Mark Antony to the senate-house;

he shall say, you are not well to-day:

3. With my knee, prevail in this.

4. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;

for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

5. Caesar, all hail! Good-morrow, worthy

Caesar:

to fetch you to the senate-house.

6. And you are come in very happy time,

way greeting to the senators,

I them, that I will not come to-day:

And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Revising Blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Caes. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
say:

and know it now; The senate have concluded
give, this day, a crown to mighty Caesar.
You shall send them word, you will not come

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better
dreams.

If Caesar bide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Caesar is afraid?

Pardon me, Caesar; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
 And reason to my love is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them. —

Give me my robe, for I will go: —

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, Caesar.

Caes. Welcome, Publius. —

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? —

Good-morrow, Casca. — Caius Ligarins,

Caesar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean. —

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Caes. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up! —

Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Caes. Did they prepare within? —

Ant. I have brought them hither to be thus waited for, —

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

*Art. Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye
Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metell
Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou ha
wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mi
in all these men, and it is bent against Cae
If thou be'st not immortal, look about yo
Security gives way to conspiracy. The migh
Gods defend thee! Thy lover,*

Artemidorus

Here will I stand, till Caesar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Caesar, thou may'st live

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [

SCENE IV.

*The same. Another part of the same street,
before the house of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA, and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there. —
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel! —
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yea, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
Look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Caesar doth; what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is Caesar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Caesar, hast thou
not?

Sooth. That I have, Lady: if it will please
Caesar

To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to beseech himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that
I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along. *[Exit]*

Por. I must go in. — Ah me! how weak
thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me: — Brutus hath a suit,
That Caesar will not grant. — O, I grow faint: —
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Capitol; the Senata sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Caes. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a
suit

That touches Caesar nearer: Read it, great Caesar.

Caes. What touches us ourself, shall be last
serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Caes. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Caesar enters the Capitol, the rest following.
All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive,

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [*Advances to Caesar.*]

Bru. What said Popilins Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might
thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
 Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,
 For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
 For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.
Cas. *Trebonius* knows his time; for, look you,

He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CAESAR
 and the Senators take their seats.*]

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? Let him go,
 And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.

Caes. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
 That Caesar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart; — [Kneeling.

Caes. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

And turn pre-ordinance, and first degree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Caes. What, Brutus!

Caes. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caes. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Caesar, —

Caes. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar, —

Caes. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. Caesar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*]

Caes. Et tu, Brute? — Then fall, Caesar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Caesar's

Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing; — Publius, good
cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; — and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Flew to his house amaz'd;
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and

run,

JULIUS CAESAR.

Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for I
spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Now, Caesar doth not wrong: nor without cause
will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than
thy own,

sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear,
the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Br. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar
ring thee, that Publius Cimber may
have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Ca. What, Brutus!

Br. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
was as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

giving enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Ca. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

be constant as the northern star,
true-fix'd, and resting quality,
so no fellow in the firmament.

As are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
so all fire, and every one doth shine;
but one in all doth hold his place:
so the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
and are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

yet one number, I do know but one
sensible holds on his rank,
of motion: and, that I am he,
little show it, even in this;
constant Cimber should be banish'd,
and yet do remain to keep him so.

Caesar, —

Br. Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Caesar, —

Wilt thou not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. Caesar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*]

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Should chance —

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cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; — and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. *Fled to his house amaz'd:*
Wives, and children, stare, cry out, and
run,

As it were doomsday,

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. — How many ages
hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of An-
tony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.

Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, —
tellus;

Yours, Cinna; — and, my valliant Casca, yours
Though last, not least in love, yours, good
bonius.

Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit in
Either a coward, or a flatterer. —

That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood

It would become me better, than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bay'd, b
hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy leath

O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, in deed, O world, the heart of thee.

How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,

Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony —

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;

The enemies of Caesar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so

But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends

Or shall we only and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was
indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not what you do; Do not consent,

[*Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon; —
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Caesar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;
And say, you do't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereeto I am going;
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of
earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the side of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;

Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile, when they behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;

And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Atë by his side, condescend from hell,

Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,

Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

JULIUS CAESAR.

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Ant. Caesar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —
O Caesar! — [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep,
Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this curse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men:
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CAESAR's body.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends. —

Ant. go you into the other street,

And part the numbers. —

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

1. *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2. *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare the
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*
BRUTUS goes into the rostrum.

3. *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would so boudinan? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not so Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love

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country? If any, speak; for him have I offended
I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[several speaking at once.]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done
no more to Caesar, than you should do to Brutus.
The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capi-
tol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was wor-
thy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suf-
fer'd death.

*Enter Antony and Others, with Caesar's
body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony:
who, though he had no hand in his death, shall
receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the com-
mon-wealth; As which of you shall not? With
this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for
the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for
myself, when it shall please my country to need
my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1. *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his
house.

2. *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Cit. Let him be Caesar.

Cit. Caesar's better parts

Now be crown'd in Brutus.

Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamours.

My countrymen, —

Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

Peace, ho!

Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

For my sake, stay here with Antony:

To Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

1. *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chairs;
We'll hear him: — Noble Antony go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4. *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3. *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4. *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

2. *Cit.* This Caesar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2. *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

3. *Cit.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious:

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause witholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2. *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

3. *Cit.* Has he, Masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4. *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4. *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O Masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you;
 Than I will wrong such honourable men:
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4. *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you:
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4. *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will; Caesar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
 I have o'erwhelm'd myself, to tell you of it.

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I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar: I do fear it!

4. *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2. *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2. *Cit.* Descend.

[He comes down from the pulpit.]

3. *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4. *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1. *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

2. *Cit.* Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them
now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii: —

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it!

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel;

Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Caesar saw himself stab, —
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but
 behold

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1. *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *Cit.* O noble Caesar!

3. *Cit.* O woful day!

4. *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1. *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2. *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: revenge; about, —
 seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not
 a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1. *Cit.* Peace there: — Hear the noble Antony.

2. *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll
 die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
 stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise, and honour-
 able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full
well

That gave me publick leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths.

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble An-
tony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not
what;

Whencein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not: — I must tell you then: —
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; — the will; — let's stay, and
hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2. *Cit.* Most noble Caesar! — We'll revenge
his death.

3. *Cit.* O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Caesar: When comes such another?

1. *Cit.* Never, never: — Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire,

5. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter CINNA the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with
Caesar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. **Cit.** What is your name?
2. **Cit.** Whither are you going?
3. **Cit.** Where do you dwell?
4. **Cit.** Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2. **Cit.** Answer every man directly.
1. **Cit.** Ay, and briefly.
4. **Cit.** Ay, and wisely.
3. **Cit.** Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a
bachelor? Then to answer every man directly,
and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wherely I say, I am
a bachelor.

2. **Cit.** That's as much as to say, they are fools
that marry. You'll bear me a bang for that,
I fear. Directly, directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

3. **Cit.** As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

1. **Cit.** That matter is answer'd directly.

4. **Cit.** For your dwelling, — briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. **Cit.** Your name, Sir, truly.

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Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4. *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'; away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Antony's house.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we will determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him:
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stall'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. — Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make heads
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,

Our best friends made, and our best ~~men~~
stretch'd out;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I feel
Millions of mischief. [*Broun*]

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet-
ing them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master?

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS]

Bru. He greets me well. — Your master, ~~the~~
darius,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough

with such familiar instances,
 in such free and friendly conference,
 hath us'd of old.

Thou hast describ'd
 friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
 love begins to sicken and decay,
 in an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
 Few men, like horses hot at hand,
 all show and promise of their mettle;
 when they should endure the bloody spur,
 all their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
 turn to the trial. Comes his army on?

They mean this night in Sardis to be quart-
 er'd;

enter part, the horse in general,
 he with Cassius. *[March within.]*

Hark, he is arriv'd: —
 gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS, and Soldiers.

Stand, ho!

Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

lin. Stand.

lin. Stand.

lin. Stand.

Most noble brother, you have done me
 wrong.

Judge me, you Gods! Wrong I mine ene-
 mies?

If not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
 wrongs;

when you do them —

Cassius, be content,

Speak your griefs softly, — I do know you
well: —

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our con-
ference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world,

But for supporting robbers; shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?

And sell the mighty space of our large honours,

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? —

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself,

To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius,

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. It's possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye Gods! ye Gods! Must I endure all
this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cassar liv'd, he durst not thus ha-
mou'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have temp-
ed him.

Cas. I durst not? blow

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my lay,
I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

Cas. There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cas-
sius?

Should I have answer'd Cato Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counsels from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.— Brutus hath
riv'd my heart;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Such a note-book, learn'd, and corn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike, — as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
 better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour,
 O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him.

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
 hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus! —

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour, which my mother gave
 me,

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yet, Cassius; and, henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise within.

Post. [within.] Let me go in to see the generals;
 There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet

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alone.

[*within.*] You shall not come to them.

[*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

How now? What's the matter?

For shame, you Generals; What do you
mean?

And he friends, as two such men should be;
I've seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!
Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.
Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:

Would the wars do with such jiggling fools?
N, hence.

Way, away, be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
lodge their companies to-night.

Come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

to us.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

Is, a bowl of wine.

Do not think, you could have been so
angry.

Titinius, I am sick of many griefs,
For philosophy you make no use,
And to accidental evils.

It bears sorrow better: — Portia is
dead.

Is she?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
so? —

O insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her
death

That tidings came; — With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl
of wine: —

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge: —
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius: — Welcome, good
Messala. —

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you. —

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

JULIUS CAESAR.

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Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree; Mine speak of seventy senators, that died By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead, And by that order of proscription. — Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: For certain she is dead, and by strange manuer.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. — We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once, I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you, But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

... your reasons must, or soon, give
to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution;
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encour
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. — You must
beside,

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men.

...beginning of the night;
come such division 'tween our souls!
not, Brutus.

• Every thing is well.

Good night, my Lord,
Good night, good brother.

Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt* CAS. TIT. and MES.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

the gown. Where is thy instrument?
here in the tent.

What, thou speak'st drowsily?
watch'd.
ve, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-

lius, and some other of my men -
hem sleep on cushions.

ro

I may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
 Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
 I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your Lordship did not give
 it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou bear up thy heavy eyes awhile,
 And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
 I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
 I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
 I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*]
 This is a sleepy tune: — O murd'rous slumber!
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
 That plays thee musick? — Gentle knave, good
 night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 Let me see, let me see; — Is not the leaf turn'd
 down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR.

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me: — Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then shall I see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. —

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —

Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument, —
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cry'dst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My Lord.

Clau. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, Sirs, in your
sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

... shall be done, my Ed

ACT V. SCENE

The plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and the

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are at
You said, the enemy would not come d
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at ha
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before

*Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army;
TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

They stand, and would have parley.
Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and
talk.

Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.
Then, the generals would have some words.
Not until the signal

Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?
Not that we love words better, as you do.

Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Your bad strokes, Brutus, you give
Good words:

The hole you made in Caesar's heart,
Long live! hail, Caesar!

Long.

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JULIUS CAESAR.

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Caesar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Caesar's three and twenty wounds

Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Caesar thou canst not die by traitors' hands;
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away. —

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

JULIUS CAESAR.

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Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow;
and swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius: hark, a word with you.

Luc. My Lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. *Messala*, —

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. *Messala*,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage,
Coming from *Sardis*, on our former, ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to *Philippi* here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucilius*.

Cas. Now, most noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!

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But, since the affairs of men rest still undone,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together.
 What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosopher
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself; — I know not
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life: — arming myself with
 To stay the providence of some high powers
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, the
 Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work, the ides of March befall;
 And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take: —
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell,
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. — O, that I
 might know.

The end of this day's business, ere it come,
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. — Come, ho!

JULIUS CAESAR.

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SCENE II.

The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills

Unto the legions on the other side :

[*Loud alarum.*

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala ; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :

This ensign here of mine was turning back ;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my Lord, fly further off ;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my Lord !

Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. — Look

Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in it
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exe.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[*Exit Pindarus.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [above.] O my Lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur; — yet he spurs on.
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius
Now some 'light; — O, he 'lights too; —
He is taken; — and, both

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more. —
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

swore thee, saving of thy life,
 ever I did bid thee do,
 'at attempt it. Come now, keep thine
 oath!

esman; and, with this good sword,
 ough Caesar's bowels, search this bor-
 som.

answer: Here, take thou the hilt;
 my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
 the sword. — Caesar, thou art re-
 veng'd,

ie sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.
 I am free; yet would not so have been,
 done my will. O Cassius!
 a country Pindarus shall run,
 Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.]

ter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

but change, Titinius; for Octavins
 n by noble Brutus' power,
 legions are by Antony.
 e tidings will well comfort Cassius.
 ere did you leave him?
 inconsolate,
 us his bondman, on this hill.
 ot that he, that lies upon the ground?
 es not like the living. O my heart!
 ot that he?

this was he; Messala,
 s no more — O setting sun!
 rays then dost sink to-night,
 blood Cassius' day is set;
 ome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are
done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pin-
darus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit MESSALA.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. — Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
By your leave, Gods: — This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

JULIUS CAESAR.

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Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

1. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

2. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

3. Titinius' face is upward.

4. He is slain.

5. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. *[Low alarums.*

6. Brave Titinius!

7. Where he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

8. Are yet two Romans living such as these? —

9. Best of all the Romans, fare thee well!

10. Impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay. —

11. I find time, Cassius, I shall find time. —

12. Therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

13. Generals shall not be in our camp,

14. To discomfort us. — Lucilius, come; —

15. Come, young Cato; let us to the field. —

16. And Flavius, set our battles on: —

17. Three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

18. We'll all try fortune in a second fight. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

*Enter fighting soldiers of both armies;
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and
Others.*

Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your
heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? With me?

I will proclaim my name about the field

I am the son of Marcus Cato, he!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, he!

[Charges]

Brutus. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus.

Brutus, my country's friend; know me

[Exit, charging the enemy. Cato falls.]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou

Now thou diest as bravely as Titus?

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son?

1. *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me.

[Offer]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1. *Sold.* We must not, — A noble

2. *Sold.* Rouse him! Tell Antony

Brutus is taken.

1. *Sold.* I'll tell the news. — Here

general: —

[Enter Antony.]

Enter Antony.

Brutus is taken, Brutus is taken, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The Gods defend him from so great a harm!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like his

self.

Ans. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure
you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see wher Brutus be alive or dead:
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chang'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

*Enter CAUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my
Lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. —

[*whispering.*]

Old. What, I, my Lord? No, not for all the
world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! [*whispers him.*]

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, 'T
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

And, this last night, here in ~~Philippi~~
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it go
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*
Thou know'st, that we two went to school to

ther;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord

[*Alarum*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarry
here.

Bru. Farewell to you; — and you, — and;
Volumnius —

— my sword, and turn away thy face,
le I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
rs. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my Lord.
u. Farewell, good Strato. — Caesar, now
be still;
'd not thee with half so good a will.
[He runs on his sword, and dies.

m. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
LESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

What man is that?

My master's man. — Strato, where is thy
master?

Free from the bondage you are in, Mes-
sala;

querors can but make a fire of him.
us only overcame him.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

An. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably. —
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To put the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]

ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony,
Octavius Caesar,
M. Aemil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*

Sextus Pompeius,
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo, } *Friends of Antony.*

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus, } *Friends to Caesar.*

Menas,
Menecrates, } *Friends of Pompey.*
Varrius,

Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to Caesar.*

Canidius, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*

Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's army.*

An Ambassador from Antony to Caesar.

Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes; *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Caesar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
Iras,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLE

ACT I. SCENE

Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopa*

Enter DEMETRIUS and Ph

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our t
O'erflows the measure: those his good
That o'er the files and msters of the
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now

turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart
Which in the scuffles of great fights hat
The buckles on his breast, reneges all t
And is become the bellows, and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where th

Flourish. *Enter ANTONY and CLEOPAT.*
their trains; Eunuchs fanning he

Take but good note, and you shall see in
The triple pillar of the world transform'
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.
Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me he

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bottom how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heavens, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Mit. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: — The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows,
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this!*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that!
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance, — nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer; your dismissal
Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony:
Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's, I would say?

Both? —

Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's Queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. — The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the great arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

And such a twain can do't, in which, I b
On pain of punishment, the world to we

ANTONY AND CLEOP. TR. 97

We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falshood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? —
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra. —

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling Queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
O messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and
note

Qualities of people. Come, my Queen;
To-night you did desire it: — Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their train.*]

M. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

S. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
Times too short of that great property
Still should go with Antony.

S. I'm full sorry,

He approves the common liar, who
Speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
He decays to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMYAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the Queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? — Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy, A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than be-
lov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool; I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to night, shall be — drunk to bed,

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. — Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, — come, his fortune, his fortune. — O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear Goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Enter *Eno.* Here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Enter *CLEOPATRA.*

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

100. DECK HIM, AND BRING HIM HITHER.

Alexas?

Alex. Here, Madam, at your service. — My approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

100. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[Exit CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.

100. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

101. Against my brother Lucius?

100. Ay:

soon that war had end, and the time's state
friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Caesar;

one better issue in the war, from Italy,

Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst —

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say, —

Mes. O, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble pleasure. *[Exit]*

Ant. From Sicyon, how the news? Speak there

1. *Att.* The man from Sicyon. — Is there such
an one?

2. *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear, —

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage. — What are you?

2. *Mes.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2. *Mes.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me. — *[gives a Letter]*

[Exit Messenger]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
When our contempt do often hurl from us,

seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment :
I do think, there is mettle in death, which com-
mits some loving act upon her, she hath such a
celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Evo. Alack, Sir, no; her passions are made of
nothing but the finest part of pure love; We can-
not call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;
they are greater storms and tempests than alma-
nacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her;
if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as
Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Evo. O, Sir, you had then left unseen a won-
derful piece of work; which not to have been
blest withal, would have discredited your trav-

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

End. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thank sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the failors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: — and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the Queen, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Caesar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up

For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: Much is brack-
ing, &c.

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

End: I shall do't. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what
he does: —

I did not send you; — If you find him, say,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him
in nothing:

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose
him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, for
bear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian
fall;

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen, —

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, the
good news.

What says the married woman? — You

'Would, she had never given you leave to

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here

I have no power upon you; hers you are

Ant. The Gods best know, —

Cleo. O, never was there Queen

So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,

I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. O

Y. G.
ome

Equality of two domestick powers
Breed scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my
going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness: — Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my face, Charmian, come; —
But let it be. — I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly

Ant. Now, by my sword, —

Cleo. And target, — Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his climate.

Ant. I'll leave you, Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, — but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd, — but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
I strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Caesar's house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Caes. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Caesar's natural voice to hate
One great competitor; From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the Queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall
find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Fools enough to darken all his goodness:

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Caes. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it
is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this be-
comes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must An-
tony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill,
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state, and ours, — 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every
hour,

Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Caesar! to the ports

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Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lack'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Caes. Let his shame quickly

Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves if our field, and, to that
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, *Caes.*

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land it can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Caes. Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my Lord: What you
Know mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, Sir,
To let me be partaker.

Caes. Doubt not, Sir.

I knew it for my bond. [Exit

SCENE VI

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian, —

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha! —

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap
time,

Charinian!

Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure

sure

naught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
'hat, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
lay not thy forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do no-
thing

what in deed is honest to be done:

I have I fierce affections, and think,

what Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he?

does he walk? or is he on his horse?

happy horse, to bear the weight of Anton-
bravely. horse!

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou
Yet, coming from him, that great medusa
With his tinct gild'd thee. —

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiss'd, — the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl; — His speech sticks in my

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he not
And soberly did mount a terinagant steele,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would
snoke

pt. hail!
 art thou Mark Antony?
 hat great medicine —
 Work Antony?
 dear Queen,
 my doubled kisses,
 chsticks in my an-
 it thence.
 Egypt send
 whose first,
 all piece
 All these
 So he needs
 steed.
 I would in-
 Alex. it no man else. — Met
 do you send so thick?
 Leo. Who's born that day
 I forget to send to Antony,
 all die a beggar. — Ink and paper,
 I love Caesar so?
 Char. O that brave Caesar!
 Leo. Be chok'd with such another c
 Char. The valiant Caesar!
 Leo. Ey Isis, I will give thee bloody
 thou with Caesar paragon again
 Char. By your most gracious pardon,
 ing but after you.
 Leo. My sallad days;
 I say, as I said then! — But, come, awa
 I shall have every c
 several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.
 [Exe.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great Gods be just, they shall assist
 leeds of justest men.
 us. Know, worthy Pompey,

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

do delay, they not deny.
es we are suitors to their thron
decays

sue for.

, ignorant of ourselves,
r own harms, which the wise
our good; so find we profit,
f our prayers.

shall do well:

love me, and the sea is mine;
s a crescent, and my auguring hope
will come to the full. Mark Antony
sits at dinner, and will make
without doors: Caesar gets money, when
hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
er cares for him.

Caesar and Lepidus

the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Where have you this? 'tis false.

From Silvius, Sir.

He dreams; I know, they are in Rome
together,

ing for Antony: But all charms of love,
Cleopatra, soften thy wad lip!

witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both;
p the libertine in a field of feasts,
his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,

pen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
t sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
n till a Lethe'd dunness. — How now Varrus

Enter VARRIUS.

This is most certain that I shall deliver
hour in Rome

ed; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
for further travel.

I could have given less matter
r ear. — Menas, I did not think,
orous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
h a petty war: his soldiership
the other twain: But let us rear
her our opinion, that our stirring
m the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
er lust-wearied Antony.

I cannot hope,
nd Antony shall well greet together:
e, that's dead, did trespasses to Caesar;
her warr'd upon him; although, I think,
v'd by Antony.

I know not, Menas,
ser enmities may give way to greater.
ot that we stand up against them all,
pregnant they should square between them-
selves;

r have entertained cause enough
v their swords: but how the fear of us
sent their divisions, and bind up
ty difference, we yet not know.

our Gods will have it! It only stands
s upon, to use our strongest hands.

Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
I become you well, to entreat your captain.

And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not,
rather

Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Caes. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a
spaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would, we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, hergarboils, Caesar,
Made out of her impatiencè, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Caes. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,

He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want

ces. Nay,

n —

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are
not so;

being, concern you not.

ces. I must be laugh'd at,

or for nothing, or a little, I

ould say myself offended; and with you

ly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I
should

name you derogately, when to sound your
name

t concern'd me.

t. My being in Egypt, Caesar,

was't to you?

es. No more than my residing here at Rome

be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there

ractise on my state, your being in Egypt

be my question

And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make-it with,
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Very necessity of this thought, that I,
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Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a
saffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

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But say, I could not help it.

Caes. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,

He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want

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hat I was 'Y' the morning: but, next day,
him of myself; which was as much
have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
thing of our strife: if we contend,
of our question wipe him.

es. You have broken
article of your oath; which you shall never
tongue to charge me with.

u. Soft, Caesar.

it. No.

us, let him speak;
honour's sacred which he talk on now,
osing that I lack'd it: But on, Caesar;
article of my oath, —

es. To lend me arms, and aid, when I re-
quir'd them;
which you both deny'd.

it. Neglected, rather;

then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
a mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
l not make poor my greatness, nor my power
k without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
ave me out of Egypt, made wars here;
which myself, the ignorant motive, do
fr ask pardon, as befits mine honour
stoop in such a case.

sp. 'Tis nobly spoken.

ec. If it might please you, to enforce no fur-
ther

griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
e to remember that the present need
iks to atone you.

ep. Worthily spoke, Mecaenas.

io. Or, if you borrow one another's love for-
stant, you may, when you hear no more

Caes. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength

By land?

Caes. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Caes. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CAESAR, ANTONY, and
LEPIDUS.]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecae-
nas! — my honourable friend, Agrippa! —

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters
are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in
Egypt.

Eno. Ay, Sir; we did sleep day out of con-
tenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which
worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pur-
sued up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Ag. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter
devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Ag. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely from the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Ag. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent
Invited her to supper: she reply'd.

It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of no woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
panted,

That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes
hungry,

Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can scule
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go. —

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.]

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SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Caesar's House.

Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the Gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. — My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
Lady. —

Octa. Good night, Sir.

Cass. Good night.

[Exeunt CAESAR and OCTAVIA.]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence,
nor you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in

My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

Sooth. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

Thy daemon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not; but, near him, thy angel

Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines, by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventilius, I would speak with him: —

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia. — Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in hop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTILIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies: — O, come, Ven-
tilius,

You must to Parthia: your commission's ready
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MÆCENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray
hasten

Your generals after.

Ag. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. *Ag.* Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, and moods
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman; — Come, you'll play with me,
Sir?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though I
Come too short.

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now : —
 Give me mine angle, — We'll to the river : there,
 My musick playing far off, I will betray
 Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
 Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
 I'll think them every one an Antony,
 And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
 You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
 Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
 With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time ! — O times ! —
 I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night
 I laugh'd him into patience ; and next morn,
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
 Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
 I wore his sword Philippan. O ! from Italy ; —

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
 That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, Madam, —

Cleo. Antony's dead ? —

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
 But well and free.

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
 My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand, that Kings
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah,
 mark ; We use

To say, the dead are well ; bring it to that,
 The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good Madam, hear me.

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Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful, — why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with
snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st.

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mes. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, Madam, —

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
the good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:

but yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

pur out the pack of matter to mine ear,
be good and bad together: He's friends with
Caesar;

state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st,
free.

Mes. Free, Madam! no; I made no such report:
bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn ~~unhappy~~
Like balls before me; I'll unchain ~~thy~~ ^{the} ~~thy~~ ^{hater} ~~him~~ ^{up}!

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and
brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not ~~th~~

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province
thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the
hadst

Shall make thy peace, for moving me

And I will boot thee with what gift ~~h~~

Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too lo
[*Draw.*

He ~~Now~~ ~~when~~ I'll run: ~~—~~

'These hands do flack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause. — Come, hither,
Sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mes. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst;

So half any Egypt were submerg'd; and made
A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mes. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend
you.

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave
of thee.

That art not! — What? thou'rt sure of't? — Get
thee hence.

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from
Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand
And be undone by em! [Exit Messenger]

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd
Caesar.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras, Charmian, — 'Tis no matter!

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour, of her hair: — bring me word
quickly. —

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go: — Let him not — Char-
mian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T' other way he's a Mars: — Bid you Alexas.

[To MARNIAN.]

Bring me word, how tall she is. — Pity me,
Charmian,

But do not speak to. — Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Near Misenum.

*Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with
drum and trumpet: at another, CAESAR,
LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS,
with soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Caes. Most meet,

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first we come to words; and therefore have we
written purposes before us sent:

, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
I tie up thy discontented sword;
try back to Sicily much tall youth,
se must perish here.

To you all three,
stars alone of this great world,
stars for the Gods, — I do not know,
e my father should revengers want,
son, and friends; since Julius Caesar,
Philip the good Brutus ghosted,
you labouring for him. What was it,
d pale Cassius to conspire? And what
all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
m'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
the Capitol: but that they would
gan but a man? And that is it,
me rig my navy; at whose burden
ocean foams; with which I meant
he ingratitude that despiteful Rome
noble father.
e your time.

I canst not fear us, Pompey, with
thy sails,
ith thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
do o'er-count thee.

id, indeed,
-count me of my father's house:
cuckoo builds not for himself,
thou may'st.
d to tell us,
n the present,) how you take
ve sent you,
the point.

I not be entreated to, but weigh

What it is worth embrac'd.

Caes. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia: and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed up
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undist.

Caes. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then.
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: — Though I
The praise of it by telling, You must know
When Caesar and your brothers were at blow
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and
to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, I
For I have gain'd by it.

Caes. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. — Thus
agreed:

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ave, our composition may be written,
I seal'd between us.

ess. That's the next to do.

om. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and
let us

w lots, who shall begin.

'nt. That will I, Pompey.

om. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
last, your fine Egyptian cookery
I'll have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Caesar

w fat with feasting there.

'nt. You have heard much.

om. I have fair meanings, Sir.

'nt. And fair words to them.

om. Then so much have I heard: —

I have heard, Apollodorus carried —

no. No more of that: — He did so.

om. What, I pray you?

no. A certain Queen to Caesar in a mattress.

om. I know thee now; how far'st thou, sol-
dier?

no. Well;

well am like to do; for, I perceive,
r beasts are toward.

om. Let me shake thy hand;

ver hated thee: I have seen thee fight,

in I have envied thy behaviour.

no. Sir,

ver lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,

in you have well deserv'd ten times as much:

I have said you did.

om. Enjoy thy plainness,

thing ill becomes thee. —

nd my galley I invite you all:

ou lead, Lords?

Caes. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, Sir.
Pom. Come.

[Exeunt POMPEY, CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty. — *[aside.]* — You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Now what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land services. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatso'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a trifling. Pompey does this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, Sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Caesar's sister is call'd Octavia.

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Men. True, Sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Caesar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity; Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Musick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1. *Serv.* Here they lie he, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1. *Serv.* They have made him drink alma-drink.

2. *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1. *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2. *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1. *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

Asennet sounded. Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECAENAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: [*To CAESAR.*] They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

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v. You have strange serpents there.

t. Ay, Lepidus.

v. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of mud by the operation of your sun: so your dile.

st. They are so.

m. Sit, — and some wine. — A health to Lepidus.

p. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll out.

o. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll not till then.

p. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolepyramises are very goodly things; without adiction, I have heard that.

m. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

m. Say in mine ear: What is't?

m. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain, [*Aside.*

hear me speak a word.

m. Forbear me till anon. — wine for Lepidus.

p. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

st. It is shaped, Sir, like itself; and it is as tall as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, moves with its own organs: it lives by that it nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it transmigrates.

p. What colour is it of?

st. Of its own colour too.

p. 'Tis a strange serpent.

st. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

es. Will this description satisfy him?

t. With the health that Pompey gives him, it is a very epicure.

Men. I

Pom. I

Be jolly, I

Ant. Th

Keep off th

Men. W

Pom. W

Men. W

Pom. H

Men. Br

Although t

Will give t

Pom. H

Men. N

Thou art,

Whate'er t

Is thine, i

Pom. Sh

Men. Tl

Are in thy

And, when

All there is

Pom. Ah

And not ha

To thee, it had been good service, Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, *[Aside.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more,
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis
offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore. — I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

*[Pointing to the attendant who carries off
LEPIDUS.]*

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it
were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast,

Ant. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels,
ho!

Here is to Caesar.

Caes. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' th'

Caes. Possess it, I'll

From all, four days, t

Eno. Ha, my brave l

Shall we dance now th

And celebrate our drin

Pom. Let's ha't, goo

Ant. Come, let us a

Till that the conqueri

In soft and delicate Let

Eno. All take hands.

Make battery to our ear

The while, I'll place y

The holding every man

As his strong side can

band as

S O

Come, thou mona

Plumpy Bacchus,

In thy vats our co

With thy grapes o

Cup us, till the w

Cup us, till the w

Caes. What would

Let me request you off:

Frowns at this levity. —

Yon see, we have burnt

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Spills what it speaks, the wild disguise hath al-
most

Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night. —

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,

You have my father's house, — But what? we
are friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt POM., CASS., ANT., and Attendants.*
Menas will not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin. —

These drums! — these trumpets, futes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,

Sound out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a! — There's my cap.

Men. Ho! — noble Captain!

Come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with Se-
natus and other Romans, officers, and sol-
diers, with the dead body of Ptolemy borne before
him.*

Sen. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;
and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
 Make me revenger. — Bear the King's son's body
 Before our army: — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
 Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
 Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
 The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
 Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
 The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
 Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
 I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
 Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
 Too high a fame, when him we serve's away,
 Caesar, and Antony, have ever won
 More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
 That without which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-
 tony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war, we have effected;
 How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
 That ne'er yet-beaten horde of Parthia

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We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with
what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him. — On, there; pass
along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in Caesar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is
gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Caesar it sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Caesar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony!

Eno. Caesar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Caesar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Caesar, say, — Cae-
sar; — go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Caesar best; — Yet he lo-
ves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets
 cannot
 Think, speak, east, write, sing, number,
 his love

To Antony. But as for Caesar,
 Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beads.
 So, — [Trumpet]

This is to horse. — Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

*Enter CAESAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
 and OCTAVIA.*

Ant. No further, Sir.

Caes. You take from me a great part of my
 Use me well in it. — Sister, prove such a wife
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my friend's
 hand

Shall pass on thy approval. — Most noble Antony
 Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
 Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
 To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
 The fortress of it: for better might we
 Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
 This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
 In your distrust.

Caes. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
 Though you be therein curious, the least cause
 For what you seem to fear: So, the Gods
 you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends.
 We will, here, part.

Caes. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee

The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother! —

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. — Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house;
and —

Caes. What,
Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor
can

Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of side,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Caesar weep? [*Aside to ANTONY.*]

Ant. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a
house

So is he, being a man.

Ant. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,

He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with
a rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wall'd:

Believe it, till I weep too.

Caes. No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, Sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,

And give you to the Gods.

esty,
re not look upon you;
well pleas'd.

od's head
v? when Antony is gone
might command it. — Come
thou near.

ious Majesty, —
ou behold

ad Queen,

, in Rome
the face; and saw her led
other and Mark Antony.
as tall as me?

not, Madam.

ear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

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25. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

26. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

27. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

28. I think so; Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish! —

29. Her majesty is in her gait? Remember,
or thou look'dst on Majesty..

25. She creeps;

her notion and her station are as one:

she shows a body rather than a life;

true, than a breather.

26. Is this certain?

25. Or I have no observance.

27. Three in Egypt

do not make better note.

28. He's very knowing,

and perceiv't: — There's nothing in her yet: —
her fellow has good judgement.

27. Excellent.

26. Guess at her years, I prythee.

25. Madam,

she was a widow.

26. Widow? — Charmian, hark.

25. And I do think, she's thirty.

26. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long,
or round?

25. Round even to faultiness.

26. For the most part too,

they are foolish that are so. — Her hair, what
colour?

25. Brown, Madam: And her forehead is as low
as he would wish it.

26. There is gold for thee.

25. I must not take my former sharpness ill: —

I employ thee back again; I find thee

fit for business: Go, make thee ready:

Our letters are prepar'd. . . . [Exit Ma

Char. A proper man.

Cleg. Indeed, he is so; I repent me
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, Madam.

Cleg. The man hath seen some majest
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Iais else
And serving you so long!

Cleg. I have one thing more to ask
good Charonian
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him
Where I will write; All may be well end

Char. I warrant you, Madam.

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A Room in Antony's House*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, pay, Octavia; not only that
That were excusable, that, and thousand
Of semblable import, but he hath wro
New wars against Pompey; made his wi
read it

To publick ear:
Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he co
But pay me terms of honour, cold and si
He vented them; most narrow measure h
When the best hint was given him, he no
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good Lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady

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division chance, ne'er stood between,
 g for both parts:

no good Gods will mock me presently;
 I shall pray, O; bless my lord and hus-
 band!

that prayer, by crying out as loud,
less my brother! Husband win, win brother,
 , and destroys the prayer; no midway
 at these extremes at all.

nt. Gentle Octavia,
 your best love draw to that point, which seeks
 to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
 as myself: better I were not yours,
 an yours so branchless. But, as you requested,

urself shall go between us: The meantime, Lady,
 I raise the preparation of a war
 all stain your brother; Make your soonest haste;
 your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my Lord.
 he Jove of power make me most weak, most

our reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
 as if the world should cleave, and that stain men
 should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your

Choose your own company, and command what
 Your heart has mind to. cost: [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made
Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Caesar, having made use of his
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied
him; would not let him partake in the
action: and not resting here, accus'd
letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey
his own appeal, seizes him: So the po-
wer, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair
no more;

And throw between them all the food
They'll grind the one the other. Where?

Eros. He's walking in the garden —
spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries,
Lepidus!

And threatens the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More,
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be. — Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, Sir.

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SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Caesar's House.*

Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, and MECAENAS.

Caes. Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
And more;

In Alexandria, — here's the manner of it, —
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Caesarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Cyria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Caes. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The Kings of Kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and of before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Caes. The people know it; and have now re-
ceiv'd

His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

I grant him part; but then, in his Arms
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Caes. Nor must not then be yielded to.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Caesar, and my Lord! ha
dear Caesar!

Caes. That ever I should call thee, ca

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor I
cause.

Caes. Why have you stol'n upon us th
come not

Like Caesar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the
Should have borne men; and expectation
Longing for what it had not: nay, the
Should have ascended to the roof of He
Rais'd by your populous troops: But y

A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Caes. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'twixt his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Caes. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Caes. No, my most wrong'd sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his em-

Up to a whore; who now are levying
The Kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the King of Lybia; Archelaus
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian King, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pontus,
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The Kings of Meda, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other.

Caes. Welcome hither;
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth.

Till we perceiv'd, both how you were
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer you
 Be you not troubled with the time, w
 O'er your content these strong necessitie
 But let determin'd things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome
 Nothing more dear to me. You are ab
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the l
 To do you justice, make them minister
 Of us, and those that love you. Best o
 And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, Lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity;
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off;
 And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
 That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, Sir?

Caes. Most certain. Sister, welcome:
 Be ever known to patience: My dearest

SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being
WATTS;

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

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eo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should
not we

here in person?

20. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply: —
e should serve with horse and mares together;
horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
ldier, and his horse.

leo. What is't you say?

20. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,
e from his heart, take from his brain, from
his time,

it should not then be spar'd. He is already
duc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
t Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
age this war.

leo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
t speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
war,

l, as the president of my kingdom, will
ear there for a man. Speak not against it;
ll not stay behind.

20. Nay, I have done:
e comes the Emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
t from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
l take in Toryne? — You have heard on't,
sweet?

leo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
n by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
ch might have well becom'd the best of men;
unt at slackness. — Canidius, we

Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my Lord do so?

Ant. For her dars us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dar'd him to

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at
Where Caesar fought with Pompey: But
Which serve not for his vantage, he sh
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers,
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Caesar's
Are those, that often have gainst Pomp
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. I
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein t
The absolute soldiership you have by l
Distract your army, which doest most
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexpect
Your own renowned knowledge; quite
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Caesar none

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will w
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from
of Actium
Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land. — Thy busi

Mes. The news is true, my Lord; h

Caesar has taken Tomyris.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
strange, that his power should be: — *Canidius,*
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
and our twelve thousand horse: — We'll to our
ship;

Enter a Soldier.

away, my Thetis! — How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble Emperor, do not fight by sea;
rust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
this sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians,

and the Phoenicians, go a ducking; we
have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
and fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.
[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENDO-
MARUS.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
and we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land,
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,
Publicola, and Caelius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Voz. xv.

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Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and
throes forth,

Each minute, some. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CAESAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

Caes. Taurus, —

Taur. My Lord.

Caes. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on you' side o' the hill,
In eye of Caesar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army
one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the
lieutenant of Caesar, the other way. After
their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-
fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught; naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer:

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Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
et, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

1. Gods, and Goddesses,
the whole synod of them!
2. What's thy passion?
3. The greater cantle of the world is lost
very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
oms and provinces.
4. How appears the fight?
5. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,
a leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight, —
vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
is the same, or rather ours the elder, —
prize upon her, like a cow in June,
sails, and flies.
6. That I beheld: mine eyes
cken at the sight on't, and could not
e a further view.
7. She once being loof'd,
oble ruin of her magick, Antony,
on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
g the fight in height, flies after her:
r saw an action of such shame;
lence, manhood, honour, ne'er before
plate so itself.
8. Alack, alack!

Enter CANINIUS.

Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
like most lamentably. Had our general

Sits in the wind against me, nor
knows the reason of my fall.

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no
ground upon't,

It is asham'd to hear me! — Friends, come.
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. — I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; Ay,
And make your peace with Caesar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have inst
cowards

To run, and show their shoulders. — F
be gone;

I have myself resolv'd upon a course.

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Which has no need of you; he gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. — O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. — Friends, be gone; you
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left.
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me; I pray, a little: pray you now: —
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: — I'll see you by and by.
[Sits down.

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him: — Com-
fort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do! Why? what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,

Iras. Madam, O good Empress! —

Eros. Sir, Sir,

Ant. Yes, my Lord, yes; — He, at Philippi,

His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and —

That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on Hientenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now — No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Brus. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen.

Iräs. Go to him: Madam, speak to him;
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, — Sustain me: — O!

Eros. Most noble Sir, advise; the Queen ap-
proaches;

Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;

A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? She,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my Lord, my Lord!
Forgive my fearful sails, I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon, I am a poor soul.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk of the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and maturing fortunes: You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would

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Obeſy it on all cauſe,

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: Give me a kiſs;
Even this repays me. — We ſent our ſchoolmaſter,
Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead: —
Some wine, within there, and our viands: —
Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Caesar's Camp, in Egypt.

*Enter CAESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and
Others.*

Caes. Let him appear that's come from Antony. —
Know you him?

Dol. Caesar, tis his ſchoolmaſter:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from ANTONY.

Cass. Approach, and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf,
To his grand ſea.

Cass. Be it ſo. Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requeſts to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He leaves his requeſts; and to thee ſpeaks

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To let him breathe between the heavens and the earth
 A private man in Asher's This for him!
 Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness
 Submits her to thy might and of thee at last
 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs, as a
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Caes. For Antony, The Queen
 I have no ears to his request. Of course
 Of course, nor desire, shall fail; so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friends,
 Or take her life there: This if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both
 Amb. Fortune pursue thee!
 Caes. Bring him through the bands.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: De
 From Antony win Cleopatra's promise, [Exit Amb.]

And in our name, what she requires; add
 From some inventions, officers: women are
 In their best fortunes, strong; but want w
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, w
 Will answer as a Jew's.

Thyr. Caesar, I go.

Caes. Observe how Antony become
 And what thou think'st his very act
 In every power that moves,
 Thyr. Caesar, I shall.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in th

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS
 and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, B

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or was he in fault

Eno. Antony only, that would make
Lord of his reason. What although
From that great face of war, whose
Frighted each other? why should he
The itch of his affection should not that
Have nick'd his captainship; at such
When half to half the world oppos'd,
The mere question: 'Twas a shame
Than was his loss, to course your fly
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador

Ant. Is this his answer?

Amb. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. The Queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will
Us, up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled he
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my Lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he
Of youth upon him; from which
Should no
Something particular: his coin, ships
May be a coward's; whose ministers
Under the service of a child, as soon
As 't' the command of Caesar: I dare
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword or

Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and AMB.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder. — I see, men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things onward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will
Answer his emptiness! — Caesar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgement too.

[*Enter an Attendant.*]

Att. A messenger from Caesar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? — See, my
women! —

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That knell'd unto the buds. — Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

[*Aside.*]

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: — Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place in the story.

[*Enter TYREUS.*]

Cleo. Caesar's will?

Thyr. Hear him, my lady.

Cleo. None but friends, say boldly.

Thyr. So, happily, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as Caesar has;
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we have add that; Caesar's

On most renown'd; Caesar entreats,
 In what case thou standest;
 He is Caesar.
 Right royal.
 I would, that you embrace not Antony
 As he loves himself, but as you fear'd him.

He has a care upon your honour; therefore, his
 constrained bleimishes,
 A God, and knows
 Right: Mine honour was not yielded,
 Merely.

Be sure of that.
 — Sir, Sir, thou'rt so feaky,
 Leave thee to thy sinking, for
 It thee. [Exit ENOCHAR.]

I say to Caesar
 Of him? for he partly begs
 To give. It much would please him,
 That you should make a staff
 But it would warm his spirits,
 If you had left Antony,
 Himself under his shroud,
 Landlord.

Is your name?
 My name is Thyreus.
 Kind messenger,
 Tell Caesar this, In disputation
 U'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
 To own at his feet, and there to kneel:
 In his all-obeying breath I hear.

Egypt
 Your noblest courages
 Fortune combating together,

If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Caesar's father
Or, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! —
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there: — Ay, you kite! —
Now Gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd,
ho!

Like boys unto a muss, Kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him: — Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (*What's her*
name

Since she was Cleopatra?) — Whip him, fellow.
Till he be a boy; you see him cringe his back.
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

yr. Mark Antony, —
 1. Tag him away: being whipp'd,
 him again: — This Jack of Caesar's shall
 us an errand to him. —

[*Exeunt. Att. with TYRREUS*
 were half blasted, ere I knew you! Had I
 I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
 borne the getting of a lawful race,
 by a gem of women, to be abus'd
 ie that looks on feeders?

2. Good my Lord, —

3. You have been a boggler ever: —
 then we in our viciousness grow hard,
 fiery on't! the wise Gods seal our eyes,
 r own filth drop our clear judgements;

our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
 in confusion.

4. O, is it come to this?

5. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
 Caesar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
 of Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
 sister'd in vulgar fame, you have
 riously pick'd out: — For, I am sure,
 gh you can guess what temperance should be,
 know not what it is.

6. Wherefore is this?

7. To let a fellow that will take rewards,

ay, God quit you! be familiar with

layfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,

plighter of high hearts! — that I were

the hill of Basan, to outroar

horned herd! for I have sav'age cause;

to proclaim it civilly, were like

and neck, which does the hangman thank

you yare about him. — He be whipp'd? but

Ant. If that my power or my authority
Thou wast not made, his daughter, I

To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him
forth.

The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on't. — Get thee
Caesar,

Tell him thy entertainment: Look, th
He makes me angry with him: for he
Proud and disdainful; harping on what
Not what he knew I was: He makes it
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my for
Have empty left their orbs, and shot
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him
Hinnarchus. my enfranchis'd bondman

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone
 Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life! The next Caesarion smite!
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discarding of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless; till the flies and goats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Caesar sits down in Alexandria; where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held, our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-
 like.

Where hast thou been, my heart? — Dost thou
 hear, Lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
 There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-knew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
 Were dice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day!

I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since
 my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-morrow
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars. — Come on
my Queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and *Aurelius*]

Eup. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Caesar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CAESAR, *reading a letter*; *AGRIPPA*,
MBCAENAS, and *Others*.

Caes. He calls me boy; and chides, as he has
power

To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger,
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to persons
combat,

Caesar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Caesar must think,
 one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 boot of his distraction: Never anger
 good guard for itself.

Let our brat heads
 that to-morrow the last of many battles
 mean to fight: — Within our files there are
 one that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
 to fetch him in. See it be done;
 least the army: we have store to do't,
 hey have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARRUS, CHAR-
 MION, IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.

He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Why?

Why should he not?

He thinks, being twenty times of better
 fortune,

twenty men to one.

To-morrow, soldier,

and land I'll fight: or I will live,

the my dying honour in the blood

make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Well said; come on. —

With my household servants; let's to-night.

Enter Servants.

Attend at our meat — *Exit my household.*

Exit.

12.

Cleo. What means this?

Out of the mind.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-
night:

Cleo. What does he mean?

Ant. Tend me to-night;

Eno. What mean you, Sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

Yon take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1. *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is
the day.

2. *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you
well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1. *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2. *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:

Good night to you.

1. *Sold.* Well, Sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2. *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3. *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[The first two place themselves at their
posts.]

4. *Sold.* Here we: [They take their posts.]
and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3. *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Musick of hautboys under the st*

4. *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1. *Sold.* List, list!

2. *Sold.* Hark!

3. *Sold.* Musick in the air.

4. *Sold.* Under the earth.

Does't it not?

3. *Sold.* No.

1. *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this in

2. *Sold.* 'Tis the God Hercules, whom A
lov'd.

Now leaves him.

1. *Sold.* Walk, let's see, if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another*

2. *Sold.* How now, Masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[*Several speaking toge*

1. *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3. *Sold.* Do you hear, Masters? do you

1. *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we
quarter.

Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [Several speaking.] Content: 'Tis all

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SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and Others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. — Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. — Come

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: — False, false; this,
this!

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help! Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now. — Seest thou; my good
fellow?

So, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff it for our repose, shall hear a storm. —
Thou fablest, Eros; and my Queen's a squire
More light at this, than thou: Despatch. — O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't. — Good morrow to thee; welcome:
 Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
 To business that we love, we rise betime,
 And go to it with delight.

1. Off. A thousand, Sir,
 Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
 And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2. Off. The morn is fair. — Good morrow,
 General.

All. Good morrow, General.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
 This morning, like the spirit of a youth
 That means to be of note, begins betimes. —
 So, so; come, give me that, this way; well.
 Fare thee well, Dame, whate'er becomes of
 This is a soldier's kiss; rebukable. [Kisses
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
 On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave
 Now, like a man of steel. — You, that will
 Follow me close, I'll bring you to't. — Ad

[Exeunt ANT, ENO, Officers, and Soldiers.]
 Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar
 Determine this great war in single fight;
 Then, Antony, — But now, — Well, —

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SCENE V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The Gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The Kings that morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee: or from Caesar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. — O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men: — Eros, despatch.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CAESAR, with AGRIPPA, BARBUS, and Others.

Caes. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agri. Caesar, I shall. *[Exit AGRIPPA]*

Caes. The time of universal peace is near;
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-n
world

Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony

Is come into the field.

Caes. Go, charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the van;
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. *[Exeunt CAESAR and his T*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewr
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,
And leave his master Antony; for this pains,
Caesar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the
That fell away, have entertainment; but
No honourable trust, I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a soldier of Caesar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

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His bounty overplus: The messenger
 Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
 Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enocharbus.

I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer
 Out of the host; I must attend mine office;
 Or would have done't myself. Your Emperor
 Continues still a Jove. *[Exit Soldier.]*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
 And feel I am so most; O Antony,
 Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have
 paid

My better service, when my turpitude
 Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my
 heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
 Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I
 feel,

fight against thee! — No: I will go seek
 Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
 My latter part of life. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the Camps.

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,
 and Others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
 Caesar himself has work, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt.]*

With Clout's about their heads, and in my ear.

Ant. Thou bired'st space.

Scar. I had a wound here, that was like
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, Sir; and our a
serves

For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, be
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fo
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

For-doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city; clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. — Give me thy hand;
[To SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. — O thou day o' the
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey

Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man:
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand; —
Kiss it, my warrior: — He hath fought to-day,
As if a God, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He hath deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus' car. — Give me thy hand; —
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our back'd targets like the men that own them;

Y AND CLEOPATRA

place the capacity
 st, we all would sup together;
 res to the next day's fate,
 royal peril. — Trumpeters,
 a blast you the city's ear;
 with our rattling tabourines;
 nd earth may strike their sounds to
 r approach. gether, [Exeunt]

S C E N E IX.

Caesar's Camp.

on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.
 f we be not reliev'd within this hour,
 turn to the court of guard: The night
 nd, they say, we shall embattle
 nd hour: the omens
 This last day was
 one to us.

hear me witness, night;
 What man is this? Stand close, and list to him:
 e witness to me; O thou blessed moon,
 involved shall upon record
 ful memory, poor Enobarbus did
 y face repent!
 d. Enobarbus!
 d. Peace;
 rther.

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
 sonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
 ee a very rebel to my will,
 ng no longer obedient: Throw my heart

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Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break
powder,

And finish all soul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony!

2 Sold. Let's speak
To him.

[dies]

1. Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Caesar.

3. Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1. Sold. Swoons rather; for so had a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.

2. Sold. Go we to him.

3. Sold. Awake, awake, Sir; speak to us.

2. Sold. Hear you, Sir?

1. Sold. The hand of death hath rought him.
Hark, the drums

[Drums afar off]

Let us bear him
To the court of guards; he is of note; our hour
fully on.

3. Sold. Come on then;
[Exeunt with the body]
may recover yet.

SCENE X

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with forces,
marching.

Their preparation is to-day by sea;
and them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in
the air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR, and his forces marching.

Caes. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take it, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they knew not, — they cannot tell; — look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and you
They cast their caps up, and carouse togeth
Like friends long lost. — 'Triple-turn'd'
'tis thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly
For when I am reveng'd upon my charin,
I have done all: — bid them all fly, be gone
[Exit SCARPA]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here: even here
Do we shake hands. — All come to this? —
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm, —
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;

Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at last and loose,
Guil'd me to the very heart of loss. —
Oat, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.
eo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his love?
it. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee,
roist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
his chariot, like the greatest spot
thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
or't diminutives, to dolls; and let
Octavia plough thy visage up

With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis well
 thou'rt gone,
 If it be well to live: But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. — Eros, ho! —
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
 Alcides, ~~then~~ mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
 club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot: she dies for't, — Eros, ho!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
 MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield; the hour of Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are
 dead.

The soul and body live not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument: —
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke, was Antony,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
 Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death
 To the monument.

[*E*]

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SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Antony. Ay, noble Lord.

Eros. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
pour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
wer'd citadel, a pendant rock,
red mountain, or blue promontory
trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
signs;

are black vesper's pageants.

Antony. Ay, my Lord.

Eros. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,

rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
water in water.

Antony. It does, my Lord.

Eros. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
such a body: here I am Antony;

cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

de these wars for Egypt; and the Queen, —
se heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
h, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
illion more, now lost, — she, Eros, has
d cards with Caesar, and false play'd my glory
an enemy's triumph. —

weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
selves to end ourselves. — O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

Mardian robb'd me of my sword.

Eros. No, Antony;

OL. XV.

My mistress lov'd the
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy
She hath betray'd me

Mar. Death of one,
And that she has disch.
Is done unto thy hand

Was, Antony! most
Then in the midst a
The name of Antony
Between her heart and
Thy name so buried!

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm
And we must sleep:—
Does pay thy labour ric

The seven-fold shield
The battery from my
Heart, once he stron
Crack thy frail case!
No more a soldier:—
You have been nob

I will o'ertake thee,
Weep for my pardon
All length is torture
Lie down, and stray
Marrs what it does;
Itself with strength:
Eros! — I come, n

Where souls do coucl

And with our spritel

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops.
And all the haunt be ours. — Come, Eros.

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the
Deest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green N
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself,
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death our Caes
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn
That, when the exigent should come, (whi
Is come, indeed.) when I should see behi
The inevitable prosecution of

Disgrace and horror, that, on my comman
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the
come:

Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defe
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian d
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome,
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bendin
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd se
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, b
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I
cur'd.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swer'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble counte-

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.
Ant. Lo thee. [turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,
My Captain, and my Emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; — and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great Chief: Shall I strike now

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: — [falls on his sword]
Thus I do escape the soft

Of Antony's death.

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My Queen

Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his sword]
I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead
The guard! — ho! — O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2. *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1. *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1. *Guard.* Not I.

2. *Guard.* Nor I.

3. *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-
phesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Caesar, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word
Dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hat
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: — Call my
I pr'ythee

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard
guard, what, h

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cle
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command y

1. Guard. Woe are we, Sir, you may n
to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not
sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that w
Which comes to punish us, and we punish
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good fr
And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt, bearing A

SCENE III.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great.

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it. — How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — darkling
stand

The varying shore o'the world! — O Antony!
Antony, Antony! — Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. —

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my Lord, pardon.) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,

And still conclusion, shall accede
Demuring upon me. — But,

Help me, my women, —

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!

Our strength is all gone into

That makes the weight: Had

The strong-wing'd Mercury

And set thee by Jove's side.

Wishers were ever fools; — O

And welcome, welcome! die,

Quicken with kissing; had me

Thus would I wear them out

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt,

Give me some wine, and let

Cleo. No, let me speak;

That the false housewife Fortune

Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen

Of Caesar seek your honour, and

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:

None about Caesar trust, but

Cleo. My resolution, and my

None about Caesar.

Ant. The miserable change

Lament nor sorrow at; but

In feeding them with these

Wherein I liv'd, the greater

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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noblest: and do now not basely die,
cowardly; put off my helmet to
countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
ntly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
no more. *[dies.]*

o. Noblest of men, woo't die?
thou no care of me? shall I abide
is dull world, which in thy absence is
etter than a sty? — O, see, my women,
rown o' the earth doth melt: — My Lord! —
rither'd is the garland of the war,
soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and
girls,

even now with men: the odds is gone,
there is nothing left remarkable
th the visiting moon. *[She faints.]*

tr. O, quietness, Lady!

s. She is dead too, our Sovereign.

tr. Lady, —

s. Madam, —

tr. O Madam, Madam, Madam!

s. Royal Egypt!

ess!

tr. Peace, peace, Iras.

o. No more, but e'en a woman; and com-
manded

ch' poor passion as the maid that milks,
does the meanest chares. — It were for me
row my scepter at the injurious Gods;
ll them, that this world did equal theirs,
hey had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
ice is sottish; and impatience does
re a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
sh into the secret house of death,
ath dare come to us? — How do you, wo-
men?

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What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, *Cheer-*
mian?

My noble girls! — Ah, women, women! look
Our lamp is spent, it's out: — Good Sirs, *in the*
heart: —

[to the guard below.]

We'll bury him: and then; what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off AN-
TONY's body.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CAESAR, AGRIFFA, DOLABELLA, MEGAS-
NAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.

Caes. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Caesar, I shall. *[Exit DOLABELLA.]*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Caes. Wherefore is that? and what art thou,
that dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
 Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and spoke,
 He was my master; and I wore my life,
 To spend upon his haters: If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not
 I yield thee up my life.

Caes. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say; O Caesar, Antony is dead.

Caes. The breaking of so great a thing should
 make

A greater crack: The round world should have
 shook

Lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens: — The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Caesar;
 Not by a publick minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart. — This is his sword,
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Caes. Look you sad, friends?
 The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
 To wash the eyes of Kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
 Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity: but you, Gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch'd.

ONY AND CLEOPATRA.

such a spacious mirror's set before
him,

st see himself.

Antony!

w'd thee to this; — But we do lance
our bodies: I must perforce

n to thee such a declining day,
a thine, we could not stall together

le world: But yet let me lament,
as sovereign as the blood of hearts,

my brother, my competitor
all design, my mate in empire,

nd companion in the front of war,
of mine own body, and the heart

hine his thoughts did kindle, — that our
stars,

acillable, should divide
ualness to this. — Hear me, good friends, —

will tell you at some meetest season;

Enter a Messenger.

business of this man looks out of him,
I hear him what he says — Whence are you

es. A poor Egyptian yet. The Queen in
mistress,

fin'd in all she has, her monument,
thy intents desires instruction;

at she preparedly may frame herself
the way she's forc'd to.

Caes. Bid her have good heart;
ne soon shall know of us, by some of ours,

ow honourably and how kindly we
determine for her; for Caesar cannot live
to be ungentle.

Mis. So the Gods preserve thee!

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Caes. Come hither Proculeius
We purpose her not shame: give
The quality of her passion shall
Lest, in her greatness, by some
She do defeat us: for her life in
Would be eternal in our triumph
And, with your speediest, bring
And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall. [

Caes. Gallus, go you along.
Dolabella

To second Proculeius?

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Caes. Let him alone, for I re-
How he's employ'd; he shall in
Go with me to my tent; where
How hardly I was drawn into t
How calm and gentle I proceeded
In all my writings: Go with me
What I can show in this.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in t

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION

Cleo. My desolation does beg
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be
Not being fortune, he's but fort
A minister of her will; And it i
To do that thing that ends all o
Which shackles accidents, and b
Which sleeps, and never palates
The beggar's nurse and Caesar

Enter, i

Pro. C

And bid

Thou me

Cleo.

Pro. B

Cleo.

Did tell

I do not

That hav

Would h

That ma

No less h

To give i

He gives

Will kne

Pro. B

You have

Make you

Who is s

On all th

Your swe

A conque

Where he

Cleo. [

I am his

The great

A doctrin

Look him

Pro. T

Have com

Of him th

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Gal. You see how easily she may be
[Here PROCULIUS, and two of his attendants, ascend the monument by a ladder against a window, and having set, come behind CLEOPATRA. They then set the guard unbar and open the door to guard her till Cæsar come.]
[To PROCULIUS and the guard.]
CALLIUS.

Iras. Royal Queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, O!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:

[Seizes and disarms her.]
 Do not yourself such wrong, who are in the
 believ'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
 that rides our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
 do not abuse my master's bounty, by
 undoing of yourself: let the world see
 nobleness well acted, which your death
 never let came forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
 be hither, come! come, come, and take
 the Queen

in many babes and beggars!
O. O, temperance, Lady!

O. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink
 Sir;

talk will once be necessary,
 it sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin
 what he can. Know, Sir, that I
 wait pinion'd at your master's court;
 be chastis'd with the sober eye

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Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked; and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her. —
To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,
[to GLEOPATRA.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard, or
known.

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their
dreams;

Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an Emperor An-
tony; —

, that I might see
 use you. —
 the heavens; and therein
 stuck
 which kept their course, and
 lighted

creature, —
 the ocean: his rear'd arm
 voice was property'd
 s, and that to friends;
 quail and shake the orb,
 der. For his bounty,
 't; an autumn 'twas,
 reaping: His delights
 y show'd his back above
 in: In his livery
 dwells; realms and islands
 were
 his pocket.

ere was, or might be, such
 a man

, no.
 the hearing of the Gods.
 er were one such,
 ming: Nature wants stuff
 th fancy; yet, to imagine
 re's piece 'gainst fancy,
 site.

Madam:
 , great; and you bear it
 ght: 'Would I might never
 , but I do feel,

By the rebound
My very heart a

Cleo. I thank

Know you, wh

Dol. I am lo

Cleo. Nay, p

Dol. Though

Cleo. He'll lo

Dol. Madam

I know it.

Within. Ma

Enter CAESAR,

NAS, Si

Caes. Which

Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the

Caes. Arise,

You shall not

I pray you, ris

Cleo. Sir, th

Will have it th

I must obey.

Caes. Take t

The record of

Though written

As things but d

Cleo. Sole S

I cannot projec

To make it clea

Been laden with

Have often sha

Caes. Cleop

We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis
yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your sigs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
Lord.

Caes. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels.

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. — Where's Selencus?

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my
Lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Selencus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Caes. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Caesar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

Go back, I say,
Though they had wings: *Antony*

O purely base!
Caes. Good Queen, let us entreat you

Cleo. O Caesar, what a wounding shame
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servile
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The Go-

me
I have. Pr'ythee.

**Not what you have reserv'd, nor
Put we i' the roll of conquest; stil
Bestow it at your pleasure; and be
Caesar's no merchant, to make pr
Of things that merchants sold.**

Make not your thoughts your prison;
Queen;

For we intend so to dispose you,
Yourself shall give us counsel. Fear
Our care and pity is so much upon
That we remain your friend; And
Cleo. My Master, and my Lord
Caes. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR,*

Cleg. He words me, girls, he v
I should

Be noble to myself: but hark thee,
[whispering]

Iras. Finish, good Lady; the bri.
And we are for the dark.

Cyc. Hie thee again:

**I have spoke already, and it is pro
Go, put it to the haste.**

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLORELL.

DOL. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir. [Ex

Clea. Dolabella?

*Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn
mand.*

Which my love makes religion to
I tell you this: Caesar through

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H

Y

M

Y

I

A

My best attires; — I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: — Sirrah, Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave
To play till dooms-day. — Bring our crown and
all.

Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence;
He brings you figs,

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instru-
ment [Exit *Guard.*

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a
basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit *Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be
the party that should desire you to touch him,
for his biting is immortal; those that do die of
it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too:
card of one of them no longer than yesterday:

Cleo. Farewell. *[Clown sets down the worm.]*
Clown. You must think this, look you, the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be ed, but in the keeping of wise people; for death, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be hee.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so; but I know the devil himself will not eat man. I know, that a woman is a dish to Gods; if the devil dress her not. But, these whoreson devils do the Gods harm in their women; for in every ten they make, the devils make five.

Cleo. Well; get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes; forsooth; I wish you joy worm.

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown,

Cleo. Give me my robe: put on my crown: I have

Immortal longings in me: Now no more.
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
 Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. — Methinks, I hear
 Antony call; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
 The luck of Caesar, which the Gods give men,
 To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:—
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire, and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life. — So, — have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian; — Iras, long farewell.
[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I
 may say,

The Gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
 If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
 Which is my heaven to have. — Come, mortal
 wretch,

[to the asp, which she applies to her breast.]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
 Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
 That I might hear thee call great Caesar, ass
 Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
 Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

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That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —

O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too: —

[Applying another asp to her arm.]

What should I stay —

[Falls on a bed, and dies.]

Char. In this wild world? — So, fare thee well. —

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. — Downy windows close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1. *Guard.* Where is the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. *Guard.* Caesar hath sent —

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the asp.]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1. *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguil'd.

2. *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Caesar;
— call him

1. *Guard.* What work is here? — Charmian,
is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many royal Kings.

Ah, soldier!

[Dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

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Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Caesar!

Enter CAESAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Caes. Brav'st at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. — The manner of their
deaths?

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought
her figs;

This was his basket.

Caes. Poison'd then.

1. *Guard.* O Caesar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Caes. O noble weakness! —

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1. *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail: and these
fig-leaves
Have a lime upon them, such as the aspick-leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

Caes. Most probable,

That so she died; for her physician tells
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. — Take up her bed
And bear her women from the monument
She shall be hurried by her Antony;
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their sto
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army s
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella,
High order in this great solemnity.

— I O T H E P L A Y S

— WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME XV

SELECTION
OF THE
MOST IMPORTANT NOTES
EXTRACTED
FROM
THE BEST COMMENTATORS
TO THE PLAYS.

OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME XV

100

NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

* * * It appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious Historical Pieces, &c.* (appended to his *Memoirs &c. of Oliver Cromwell*), p. 14. that a Latin play on this subject had been written. "Epilogus Caesaris interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodit ea res, acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes, et scriptus in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." *Memoirs*, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time. STEEVENS.

From some words spoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*, I think it probable that there was an *English* writer for the stage.

Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play entitled *The History of Caesar Pompey*.

William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of *Julius Caesar*. It may be presumed that *Shakspeare's* play was posterior to his; for *lord*, when he composed his *Julius Caesar*.

was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatick writer of England had already walked. The death of Caesar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

A passage in *The Tempest* seems to have been copied from one in *Dartus*; another play of lord Sterling's, printed at Edinburgh in 1603. His *Julius Caesar* appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with scotticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition, 1657, he corrected. But neither *The Tempest* nor the *Julius Caesar* of our author was printed till 1623.

It should also be remembered that our author has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Richard II.* the two parts of *K. Henry IV.* *King Henry V.* *King Richard III.* *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and I believe, *Hamlet*; *Timon of Athens*, and the *Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds, it appears more probable, that Shakspeare was indebted to lord Sterling, than that lord Sterling borrowed from Shakspeare. If this

this reasoning be just, this play could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The real length of time in *Julius Caesar* is as follows: About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Caesar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. Nov. 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjudged their cruel proscription. — A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi. UPTON.

Page 5, line 5. MARULLUS,] Old copy *Marcellus*. I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given to his tribe his right name, *Marullus*.

THEOBALD.

P. 4, l. 6. Mar. *What meanest thou by that?* &c.] As the *Cubler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*, 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*. THEOBALD.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who might properly enough reply to a saucy sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage. JOHNSON.

I would give the first speech to *Marullus*, instead of transferring the last to *Flavius*. RICHSON.

P. 4, l. 11. 12. *I meddle with no tradesman's matters; nor women's matters, but with* &c.] This should be, "*I meddle with no-trade; — men's matters, nor woman's matters, but with* &c." FARMER.

P. 5, l. 2. *That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,* As Tiber is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that — the river of bliss rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream."

But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. STEEVENS.

Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, frequently describes the rivers of England as females, even when he speaks of the presiding power of the stream. Spenser, on the other hand, represents them more classically, as males. MALONE.

The presiding power of some of Drayton's rivers were females; like *Sabrina*, &c. STEEVENS.

P. 5, l. 23. 24. — *Disrobe the images, If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies* Ceremonies, for religious ornaments. This afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*, i. e. such as he had dedicated to the Gods. WARBURTON.

Ceremonies are honorary ornaments; tokens of respect. MALONE.

P. 5, l. 27. 28. — *let no images be hung with Cæsar's trophies* Cæsar's trophies, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. STEEVENS.

What these trophies really were, is explained by a passage in the next scene, where Cassius informs Cassius, that "Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence." M. MASON.

P. 6, l. 50. *Decius* This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as

arose from the old translation of *Flavarch*.

FARMER.

P. 6, l. 13. *Antonius*] The old copy generally reads *Antonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatick pieces formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 8. *Sennet*.] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word. *Sennet* may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.

P. 7, l. 19. 20. You bear too stubborn and too
strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.] *Strange* is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stran-

P. 9, l. 5 - 9. *If it be sought toward the
general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death in the
other,*

*And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the Gods so spread me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.]*

Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names honour and death, he calmly declares them *indifferent*; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets honour above life. Is not this natural?

JOHNSON.

P. 10, l. 7. *His coward lips did from their
colour fly;]* A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But, the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

P. 10, l. 14. *temper—]* i. e. temperant, constitution. STEEVENS.

P. 10, l. 14. *A man of such a facile
temper should*

*So get the stars of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.]* This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games. The majestic world is a fine periphrasis for the Roman empire: their citizens set themselves on a footing with Kings; and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, *Yes, if the runners were Kings.*

WARBURTON.

That the allusion is to the prize allotted in games to the foremost in the race, is very clear. All the rest existed, I apprehend, only in Dr. Warburton's imagination. MALONE.

P. 11, l. 12. There was a Brutus once,] i. e. Lucius Junius Brutus. STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 12-14. — that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a King.] I should think that
our author wrote rather, *infernal devil*.

JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *eternal devil*. L. J. Brutus (says Cassius) would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a daemon, as to the lasting government of a King.

STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 16. — I have some aim:] i. e. guess.

STEEVENS.

P. 11, l. 24. — *chew upon this;*] Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

P. 12, l. 4. 5. — — and Cicero

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,]
A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

P. 12, l. 24. — *he hears no musick:]* Our author considered the having no delight in musick as so certain a mark of an austere disposition, that in *The Merchant of Venice*, he has pronounced, that

"The man that hath no musick in himself,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,"

MALONE.

P. 14, l. 17. — *I am no true man.]* i. e. no honest man. MALONE.

P. 14, l. 23, 24. — *As I had been a man of
any occupation,]* Had I been a mechanic, one
of the Plebeians to whom he offer'd his throat.
JOHNSON.

to its original constitution. From that it is dispos'd, &c.

P. 16, line 1. Caesar doth bear me
I. e. has an unfavourable opinion of me.

P. 16, l. 2. 3. If I were Brutus, no
he were Cassius

He should not humour me.] This
flexion on Brutus's ingratitude; which
as is usual on such occasions, in an encon
his own better conditions. If I were Bru
he) and Brutus, Cassius, he should ne
me as I do him. To humour signifieth
turn and wind him, by inflating his

The meaning, I think, is this: Cas
Brutus, but if Brutus and I were

a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes: and, that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

P. 17, l. 22. *Clean* is altogether, entirely.

P. 18, l. 25. *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;*

That is, *Why they deviate from quality and nature.* This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind.

Why all these things change from their ordinance. JOHNSON.

P. 18, l. 26. *Why old men fools, and children calculate;*

Calculate here signifies to foretel or prophesy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakespeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel].

Shakspeare found the liberty established. *To calculate the nativity* is the technical term.

There is certainly no prodigy in old men's calculating from their past experience. The wonder is, that old men should not, and that children should. I would therefore instead of *old men, fools, and children, &c.* point thus:

Why old men fools, and children calculate. BLACKSTONE.

P. 19, l. 1. *Prodigious* is portentous.

P. 19, l. 6. *Thews* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength*. STEEVENS.

P. 20, l. 4. *My answer must be made!*] I shall be called to account, and must answer *as* for seditious words. JOHNSON.

P. 20, l. 7. — *Hold my hand:*] is the same as, *Here's my hand*. JOHNSON.

P. 20, l. 8. *Be factions for redress of all these griefs;*] *Faction* seems here to mean *active*. JOHNSON.

It means, I apprehend, embody a party or faction. MALONE.

Perhaps Dr. Johnson's explanation is the true one. Menenius, in *Coriolanus*, says, "I have been always *factionary* on the part of your general;" and the speaker, who is describing himself, would scarce have employed the word in its common and unfavourable sense. STEEVENS.

P. 20, l. 19. — 21. *And the complexion of the element,*

*Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.*] The old edition reads:

Is favors, like the work, —

I think we should read:

*In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.*

Favour is look, countenance, appearance.

JOHNSON.

To *favour* is to resemble. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *sev'rous* is the true reading; So, in *Macbeth*:

"Some say the earth

"Was *severous*, and did shake." RAMP

P. 22, l. 2. *Brutus's Orchard.*] The moi

garden, but *orchard* seems anciently
the same meaning. STEEVENS.

the two words were anciently synonymous,
in a line in this play :

hath left you all his walks,
private arbours, and new-planted
orchards,

his side Tiber." MALONE.

number of treatises written on the subject
ture, even at the beginning of Queen
reign, very strongly controvert Mr.
opposition relative to the infrequency
at so early a period. STEEVENS.

was anciently written *hort-yard*; hence
meaning is obvious. HENLEY.

following quotation; however, it will
these words had in the days of Shak-
sired a distinct meaning, "It shall be

ve understanding of the ground where
either *orchard* or *garden* with fruit."

*of the Arte and maner howe to plant
all sortes of trees*; &c. 1574. 310.

Justice Shallow invites Falstaff to see
l, where they are to eat a *last year's*
his own grafting, he certainly uses
in its present acceptation.

also in his Itinerary distinguishes them.
in Derbyshire (says he) there is as much
orchards of great variety of fruit, and
walks, and gardens, as in any place
ire." HOLT WHITE.

l. 25. 26. The abuse of greatness is,
when it disjoins

se from power:] Remorse, for mercy.

WARBURTON.

(says Mr. Heath) signifies the conscious

uneasiness arising from a sense of having done wrong; to extinguish which feeling, nothing but so great a tendency as absolute uncontrouled power. I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

Remorse is pity, tenderness; and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*. The same word occurs in *Othello*, and several other of our author's dramas, with the same signification. STEEVENS.

P. 22, l. 29. — But 'tis a *common proof*,] Common experiment. JOHNSON.

Common proof means a matter proved by common *experience*. With great deference to Johnson, I cannot think that the word *experiment* will bear that meaning. M. MASON.

P. 23, l. 3. — *base degrees*] Low steps.

P. 23, l. 11. — *as his kind*,] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

At his kind does not mean, *according to his nature*, as Johnson asserts, but *like the rest of his species*. M. MASON.

Perhaps rather, as *all those of his kind*, that is, nature. MALONE.

P. 23, l. 20. — the *ides* of March?] Old copy reads the *first* of March. We should read *ides*: for we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told Caesar. (Act. I, sc. ii.) in his presence. [— *Be-ware the ides of March*.] The boy comes back and says, Sir, *March is wasted fourteen days. So that the morrow was the ides of March*, he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six names each, so that the fifteenth March was the *ides* of that month. WARREN

rection was made by Mr. Theobald. The
 st have been that of a transcriber or
 for our author without any minute cal-
 night have found the ides, nones, and
 opposite the respective days of the month,
 nanacks of the time. In Hopton's *Con-*
of yeares, 1616, now before me, op-
 the *fifteenth* of March is printed *Idus*.

MALONE.

l. 16 - 22. *Between the acting of a
 dreadful thing,*

*the first motion, all the interim is
 a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 genius, and the mortal instruments,
 then in council; and the state of man,
 to a little kingdom, suffers then
 nature of an insurrection.]* That nice

Thyrsius of Halicarnassus, complains,
 ll kind of beauties, those great strokes
 calls the *terrible graces*, and which are
 nt in Homer, are the rarest to be found
 following writers. Amongst our country-
 seems to be as much confined to the Bri-
 er. This description of the condition of
 ors, before the execution of their design,
 ap and terror in it that perfectly asto-
 The excellent Mr. Addison, whose mo-
 de him sometimes dissident of his own
 ut whose true judgement always led him
 est guides (as we may see by those fine
 his *Cato* borrowed from the *Philippics*
) has paraphrased this fine description;
 re no longer to expect those terrible gra-
 animate his original:

think, what anxious moments pass be-
 tween

"The birth of

"Oh, 'tis a dream

"Fill'd up with

I shall make two re
The first is, that the
cies being so very diff
and the Roman empir
and that of a few
other) Mr. Addison
bring in that magnific
one of the *terrible*
scription:

"The genius and

"Are then in com

For *kingdoms*, in
their *good*, had their e
sented here, with the
as sitting in consultation
he calls their *mortal*
we say, would have t
rains to the rape an
Sempronius. The old
Mr. Addison was so s
terrible graces in hi
imitating his author's
he was aware, given
impressions made by
"Oh, 'tis a dream

"Fill'd up with

are but the affections

"— All the in

"Like a *phantasy*

the state of man,
to a little kingdom, suffers then
nature of an insurrection."
g the troubled mind of a conspirator
of anarchy, is just and beautiful, but
or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or
dream, holds something so wonder-
ful, and lays the soul so open, that
it is hardly think it possible for any man, who
at any time or other been engaged in a con-
spiracy, to give such force of colouring to nature.

WARBURTON.

Warburton of the Greek critics does not, in
his sentiments which *raise fear*, more
than any other of the tumultuous
δείνων is that which *strikes*, which
is with the idea either of some great sub-
lime author's abilities.

Warburton's pompous criticism might well
be shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius*
dom, nor are the *instruments*, con-
stantly. Shakspeare is describing what passes
in the bosom, the *insurrection* which a con-
spirator is agitating the *little kingdom* of his
heart, when the *genius*, or power, that
is his protection, and the *mortal instru-*
ments, passions, which excite him to a dead-
ly danger, are in council and debate,
in desire of action, and the care of safety,
and in continual fluctuation and disturb-
ance.

Warburton's explanation of the word *instruments*
by the following passage in *Macbeth*,
"was, at the time, in the very state
in which he is here describing:
"I am settled, and bend up

"Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

M. MASOK.

The word *genius* in our author's time, meant either "a good angel or a familiar evil spirit," and is so defined by Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616. MALONE.

"Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination, or appearance, or sight of a thing which is not, as are those sightes whiche men in their sleepe do thinke they see: but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deeds. *Luwaterus*, 1572. HENDERSON.

P. 24, l. 24. — *your brother Cassius* } *Cassius married Junia, Brutus' sister.* STEVENS.

P. 25, first l. — *any mark of favour*, } *any distinction of countenance.* JOHNSON.

P. 25, l. 10. — *if thou path; thy native* } *if thou walk in thy true form.* JOHNSON.

P. 26, l. 16. — *If not the face of men*, } *The Wanburton would read fate of men; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. The face of men is the countenance, the regard, the esteem of the publick; in other terms, honour and reputation; or the face of men may mean the dejected look of the people.* JOHNSON.

I cannot reconcile myself to Johnson's explanation of this passage, but believe we should read

— *If not the faith of men, &c.*

M. MASOK.

P. 26, l. 21. — *Till each man drop by lottery*. } *Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of drawing, i. e. the selection by lot of every soldier, in a general mutiny for punishment.* STEVENS.

, l. 28. *And will not palter?*] And fly from his engagements. MALONE.

, l. 51. *Cautelous* is here *cautious*, some-
insidious. STEEVENS.

26, last l. but one. *The even virtue of
our entreprize,*] The
im-equable, temperate spirit that actuates us.

MALONE.

P. 27, l. 12. — *opinion,*] i. e. character.

STEEVENS.

P. 27, last l. *Envy* is here, as almost always
in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*. MALONE.

P. 28, l. 24. — *take thought,*] That is, turn
melancholy. JOHNSON.

The precise meaning of *take thought* may be
learned from the following passage in St. Matthew,
where the verb *μεριμνῶ*, which signifies to *an-*
ticipate, or *forebode evil*, is so rendered:
"*Take no thought for the morrow; for the mor-*
row shall take thought for the things of itself;
sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

HENLEY.

P. 28, l. 26. *Company* is here used in a dis-
reputable sense. See a note on the word *compa-*
nion, Act. IV. HENLEY.

P. 28, last l. & P. 29, l. 1. *Quite from the
main opinion he held once*

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;] *Main opinion*, is nothing more than *leading*,
fixed, predominant opinion. JOHNSON.

Main opinion, according to Johnson's expla-
nation, is *sense*; but *mean opinion* would be a
more natural expression, and is, I believe, what
Shakspeare wrote. M. MALON.

Fantasy was in our author's time commonly
used for *imagination*, and is so explained in

Cawdry's *Alphabetical Table* of *Names* 8vo. 1604. It signified both the imaginative power and the thing imagined.

Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites.
P. 29, l. 8, 9. That unicorns may be driven with trees, alluding

And bears with glasses, elephants with shells.
Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk; and, still fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter.

Bees are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with reeds and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. VIII. 576-58.

P. 29, l. 22. — go along by him; That is, by his house. Make that your way home.

P. 29, l. 32. Let not our looks put on our purposes; that is, wear or show our designs.

P. 30, l. 50. — on your condition; On your temper; the disposition of your mind.

P. 31, l. 27 - 29. — Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? } Perhaps here more

allusion to the place in which the barlets of Shakspeare's age resided. STEEVENS

P. 32, l. 3. *A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.*] By the expression *well-reputed*, she refers to the estimation in which she was held, as being *the wife of Brutus*; whilst the addition of *Cato's daughter*, implies that *she might be expected to inherit the patriotic virtues of her father*. It is with propriety therefore, that she immediately asks,

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?

HENLEY.

P. 32, l. 18. *All the character &c.*] i. e. *all that is character'd on, &c.* STEEVENS.

P. 32, l. 21, — *who's that, knocks?*] i. e. *who is that, who knocks?* Our poet always prefers the familiar language of conversation to grammatical nicety. Four of his editors, however, have endeavoured to destroy this peculiarity, by reading — *who's there that knocks?* and a fifth has, *who's that, that knocks?* MALONE.

P. 33, l. 3. 4. *Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up*

My mortified spirit.] Here, and in all other places where the word occurs in Shakspeare, to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to lay them; and I believe he is singular in his acceptance of it. M. MASON.

P. 34, l. 9. — *I never stood on ceremonies,*] I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens. STEEVENS.

P. 34, l. 18. *The noise of battle hurried in the air,*] To *hurtle* is, I suppose, to clash, or move with violence and noise. STEEVENS.

To *hurtle* originally signified to *push* violently, and, as in such an action a loud noise was frequently made, it afterwards seems to have been used in the sense of *to clash*. MALONE.

P. 35, l. 1. 2. *Seeing that death, a necessary end,*

Will come, when it will come.] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Caesar. JOHNSON.

P. 35, l. 9. *The Gods do this in shame of cowardice.*] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

P. 36, l. 21. *And evils imminent.*] The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read *Of evils imminent.* STEEVENS.

The alteration proposed by Mr. Edwards is needless, and tends to weaken the force of the expressions, which form, as they now stand, a regular climax. HENLEY.

P. 36, l. 28. 29. *— and that great men*

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.] This

which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat fused. There are two allusions; one to coat of arms, to which Princes make additions, *cognizance*, and new *tinctures*, and new marks of cognizance the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decian, come to you as to a saint, for reliques, Prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

I believe tinctures has no relation to *tincture* but means merely handkerchiefs, or *cloths tinged* with blood. Bulfover in his

nes it "a dipping, colouring or staining

MALONE.

r in opinion with Mr. Malone. At the
of several of our ancient nobility, mar-
we are told that handkerchiefs were
with their blood, and preserved as
or salutary memorials of the deceased.

STEEVENS.

l. 10. *And reason to my love is li-
abla.*] And reason, or
of conduct and language, is subordinate

JOHNSON.

l. 31. — *emulation.*] Here, as on
r occasions, this word is used in an up-
sense, somewhat like — *factions*, en-
malicious rivalry. STEEVENS:

last l. — *the fates with traitors, do
contrive.*] The fates
traitors in contriving thy destruction.

JOHNSON.

l. 29. The introduction of the Sooth-
is unnecessary, and, I think, impro-
that he is made to say, should be given
dorus; who is seen and accosted by
his passage from his first stand to one
venient. TYRWHITT.

l. 26 & fol. — *Brutus hath a suit, &c.*]

de Portia addresses to *Lucius*, to de-
by assigning a false cause for her present.

MALONE.

l. 17. *He is address'd;*] i. e. he is
STEEVENS.

l. 19. — *you are the first that rear
your hand,*] This, I
English. The first folio has *rears*,
it much better. To reduce the passage

to the rules of grammar we should not
 be the first that tears his hand. Tyr

According to the rules of grammar
 certainly should have written his hand;
 often thus inaccurate. MAZON, 1790

P. 42, l. 21. The words *does*
 seem to belong more properly to *Clau-*
dius or *Caesar* or *Ritson*; *does* not

P. 42, col. 50. *And turn pre-*
terit into the law of children. [P. 42

line. I do not, well understand what is
 the law of children. I should read, *the*
children. That is, *change preordinance*

into the law of children. into
 determinations, as *second* *law* of *will* *we*
shall *and* *law* *in* *some* *manuscripts* *and*

the *legislation* *of* *JOHNSON* *and* *the* *legis-*
lation *of* *pre-ordinance* *by* *for* *ordinance* *only*
published *by* *WARBURTON* *in* *his* *of* *house*

P. 42, l. 21. And turn pre-
terit into the law of children. *into*
determinations, as second law of will we

shall and law in some manuscripts and
the legislation of JOHNSON and the legis-
lation of pre-ordinance by for ordinance only

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at one of the earliest representations, and that the players, or perhaps himself, over-ruled by so great an audience the words in question; though, on, it would have been better to have pious censor that his criticism was that *wrong* is not always a synonym for *injury*; that, in poetical language it may be very well understood to mean or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum*; and that, in this sense, there is no fault in Caesar's saying, that he *doth* (i. e. doth not inflict any evil, or punishes) *with just cause*. But, supposing to have been really censurable, and written by Shakspeare, the exception were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623; and therefore what are of the malignant pleasure with which he continued to ridicule his deceased friend of which posterity, without his information, have been totally ignorant?

TERENTIUS. — apprehensive;] Susceptible of other passions. JOHNSON. *apprehensive* does not mean, as Johnson explains, *susceptible of fear*, but *intelligent, apprehending*. M. MASON.

27. — I do know but one.] One.

28. That unassailable holds on his rank;] Perhaps, *holds* continues his course. We continually *hold on*, and To hold on a course.

JOHNSON. "To hold on his rank" is to continue to hold

NOTES BRUT.

And to take rank to brother right (republican)
ord race, which Johnson proposes, I would
I agree with the following words, which I of
notion, or with the comparison to the polar
not:—

Of whose true fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

Held on his rank, in one part of the compa-
rison, has precisely the same import with his
his place, in the other. M. Mason.

P. 43, l. 20. Unshak'd of motion. I.e. U-
shak'd by suit or solicitation, of which the ob-
ject is to move the person addressed. MALONE.

P. 43, last. L. Doth not Brutus kneel? I would
kneel. I would.

Do not Brutus kneel! Johnson's
I cannot subscribe to Dr. Johnson's
Caesar, as some of the conspirators are p-
round him, answers their importunity p-

See you not my own Brutus kneeling in
What success can you expect? This m-
tions, when his are in effect? This m-

put my learned coadjutor in mind of the
of Homer, which he has so elegantly
in his preface. Thou? (said Achilles to
when so great a man as Patroclus

before thee, dost thou complain of
lot of mortality? STEEVENS.

P. 44, l. 15. Casca. Go to the pulpit
We have now taken leave of Casca.

for once knew that he had a sufficient
heroes on his hands, and was glad to
dividual in the crowd. It may be
the singularity of Casca's manner

red to little advantage amidst the succeeding
ies of tumult and war. STEEVENS. 1. 24, 25. *There is no harm intended*

to your person, nor to no Roman else.] This use of two

ves, not to make an affirmative, but to de-
bre strongly, is common to Ciceron, Spen-
nd other of our ancient writers. Dr. Hicke-

es, that in the Saxon, even four negatives
sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a ne-
signification. STEEVENS. 1. 25, 26. *Stoop then, and wash;*

does not mean here to cleanse, but to
over, as we say, wash'd with gold; for

a means that they should steep their hands
blood of Caesar. M. MASON.

26, 1. 32. *Who else must be let blood,*
who else frank.] Who

may be supposed to have overtopped his
and grown too high for the publick sa-
JOHNSON.

28, 1. 23. — *crimson'd in thy letter.*] *is used by many of the old translators of*
for death. STEEVENS.

29, 1. 4. *Friends am I with you all.*] *Grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent,*
the omission of the anomalous S, would

ome uncouthness to the sound of an other-
amiliar expression. HENLEY.

30, 1. 13. — *in the tide of times.*] *That*
the course of times. JOHNSON.

31, 1. 48. *A curse shall light upon the*
line of men. *We*
read: *line of men.* *human race.* WASHINGTON.

that, as an imitation of the *Stallop*
vogue, than as a specimen of *Shonick*

De 56, l. 4. — *nons, so, poarid, de*
man is now too high to do reverence to

P. 56, l. 15. — *napkins* —] i. e. t
kerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient te
kinds of linen. STREVEN.

Napkin is the northern term for *ha*
and is used in this sense at this day in
Our author frequently uses the word.

P. 58, l. 5. 6. *Even at the base of*
statue,

Which all the while ran blood
seem'd to flye, that the blood of Caesar
the statue, and trickled down it. JOH

P. 58, l. 9. *Whilst bloody treason*
ed the sword. STREVEN.

P. 58, l. 10. *The dint of pity;* }
pression of pity. STREVEN.

P. 58, l. 15. *Here is himself* }
laden, with

To *mar* seems to have anciently signi
carnal. MALONE

To *mar* sometimes signifies to *deface*,
times to *destroy*. STREVEN.

P. 59, l. 16. For I have neither *art*,
folio (art, I believe, through a mis
press) has — *art*, which is the second
properly changed into — wit. Dr. JOH
ever, supposes that *haplogit* was no
ned and premeditated oration." STRE

frequented part of the city,
as were very remote from that quarter:
trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Ca-
saris hortos,

Horace: and both the Naumachia and
of Caesar were separated from the main
the river; and lay out wide, on a line
in the Janiculum. Our author therefore
notes

On that side Tiber: —

Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very dilige
tly, in *The Life of Marcus Brutus*, ap
of Caesar's will, expressly says, *What he*
the publick his gardens; and walks, by
Tiber.

This recommendation has been adopted by the
most editors; but hear the old translation;
Shakspeare's study days — He bequeathed
of Rome seventy-five drach

10

[illegible]

P. 58, l. 5. 6. Even at the base of the ...
Which tell the while ram blood grand Can
-less, and sure to say fell. The high
death to die, that the blood of Giamas flow
through the land thick and dry mid. Johnson
P. 58, l. 9: Whilst bloody reason South
the ... need ...

To mar seems to have another
deface. To deface signifies to deface, and
times to destroy. To deface is to
followed by "I believe," which is the second
properly changed into — wit. Dr. John
was supposed to have been premeditated gratification.

is manifest that Shakspeare intended the scene at Rome, and therefore I have placed it in Antony's house. MALONE.

62, l. 24. 25. Lep. *Upon condition Publius shall not live,*

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.] Mr. M. has sufficiently proved that the poet made mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus, not Publius, was the person meant, was uncle by the mother's side, to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote:

You are his sister's son, Mark Antony. This mistake, however, is more like the mistake of an author, than of his transcriber or printer.

62, l. 27. — *damp him*; i. e. condemn him. STEVENSON.

63, l. 30. *Objects* means, in Shakspeare's usage, whatever is presented to the eye. MALONE.

63, l. 31. 32. *Which, out of use and staid by other men,*

Begin his fashion:] Shakspeare has already introduced this circumstance into the character of Cassius. He calls over to the rearer of the fashion, and sung almost twice that he light carries whistle. STEVENSON.

63, l. 52. — *as a property.*] i. e. he is thing at our disposal; and to be treated as we please. STEVENSON.

64, l. 6. 7. — *for we are at the stake;*
And bay'd about with many enemies;] An allusion to bear-baiting. STEVENSON.

64, l. 21. 25. — *Four master; Pindarus*
is his own change, or by ill officers,

which is this, of his virtuous nature, in-
ing the power he had intrusted to
done some things I could wish undone.
implies a doubt which of the two was the
Yet immediately after, Pindarus's
His master was full of regard and honour
replies, He is not doubted. To reconcile
we should read:

In his own charge, or by ill officers,
i. e. Either by those under his immedi-
mand, or under the command of his lieut-
who had abused their trust. Charge is
a word in Shaspeare, to signify the fore-
mitted to the trust of a commander; that
needless to give any instances. WARREN

The arguments for the change propos-
sufficient. Brutus could not but know
committed were done by
under the command
The answer

Brutus immediately after says to Lucillius, when he hears his account of the manner in which he had been received by Cassius,

"Thou hast describ'd

"*A hot friend cooling.*"

That is, the *change* which Brutus complains of.

M. MALONE.

P. 66, first l. — *your griefs*. —] i. e. your grievances. MALONE.

P. 66, l. 29. — *nice offence*.] i. e. small trifling offence. WARBURTON.

P. 67, l. 13. 14. *What villain touch'd his body, that did stab*

And not for justice?] This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Caesar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.

MALONE.

P. 67, l. 24. *To hedge me in*.] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure.

JOHNSON.

P. 67, l. 25. 26. *Older in practice, abler than*

To make conditions.] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNSON.

P. 69, l. 5 — 8. — *I had rather coin my heart,*

And drop my blood for drachmes, than
to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their

vile trash.

By any indirection.] This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For to wring, im-

plies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the person's great labour and pains in acquiring, and his great unwillingness to quit his hold. WARBURTON.

I do not believe that Shakspeare, when he says *hard hands* in this place, had any deeper meaning than the following line in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Hard-handed men that work in Athens here." HOLT WARREN.

P. 69, l. 24. *I do not, till you practise them on me.* The meaning

is this: I do not look for your faults, I only mention them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by practising them on me. JOHNSON.

P. 70, l. 5. *If that thou be'st a Roman, &c.* I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man should wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire as otherwise, than by showing that he was a Roman.

JOHNSON.

This seems only a form of adjuration, like that of Brutus, p. 73:

"Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true." BLACKSTONE.

P. 71, l. 15. *What should the wars do with such jiggling fools?*

i. e. with these silly poets? A *jig* signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

"A jig shall be clapp'd at, and every rhyme
Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous
chime."

b

modern editor, (Mr. Capell,) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the study of old books, appears to have been extremely ignorant of ancient English literature, not knowing for *jigging*, reads (after Mr. Pope,) *jinn*. His work exhibits above *Nine Hundred* errors of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

Another editor, of whom it was justly said by the Bishop of Gloucester, that "*he had hung himself in chains over our poet's grave*," having said in his preface, that "his emendations of it were at least equal in number to those of all other editors and commentators put together."

I some years ago had the curiosity to look up his volumes with this particular view. On perusing them I then found, that, of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the ancient copies, as I then thought, he had properly resorted to his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. But on a second and more rigorous examination I now find, of the emendations *properly* adopted, (the number of which appears to be much smaller than above mentioned;) he has a claim to not more than fifteen. The innovations and arbitrary changes, either adopted from others, or first introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our ancient customs and phraseology, amount to no less a number than *NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO!!* It is highly probable that many yet escaped my notice. MALONE.

71, l. 16. *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as *Wolsey* at l. 1 — *fellow*. STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 25. — *once,*] i. e. at some ~~time~~
other. STEEVENS.

P. 73, l. 29. — *in art* —] That is, in ~~the~~
~~art~~ MALONE.

P. 76, l. 22. A *mace* is the ancient term ~~for~~
a sceptre. STEEVENS.

P. 76, l. 33. *How ill this taper burns!*] ~~The~~
lights grew dim, or burned blue, at the approach
of spectres, was a belief which our author might
have found examples of in almost every book of
his age that treats of supernatural appearances.

STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 15. *They mean to warn us at Phi-*
lippi here,] To warn
is to summon. So, in *K. John*:

"Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?"
Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in
King Richard III:

"And sent to warn them to his royal pre-
sence." STEEVENS.

P. 78, l. 20. *With fearful bravery,*] That is,
with a gallant show of courage, carrying with
it terror and dismay. *Fearful* is used here, as
in many other places, in an active sense — pro-
ducing fear — *intimidating.* MALONE.

P. 80, l. 4. 5. *Whilst damned Casca, like a*
cur, behind,

Struck Caesar on the neck.] Casca struck
Caesar on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur
behind him. JOHNSON.

P. 80, l. 31. *Defiance, traitors, hurl* ~~me~~ *in*
your teeth:] *Hurl* is
peculiarly expressive. The challenger in judicial
combats was said to *hurl* down his gage, when he
threw his glove down as a pledge that he would
make good his charge against his adversary.
HOLT WAITE.

WORD HAS THE SAME MEANING. *former* should be less applicable to *place* *time*. STEEVENS.

Former is right; and the meaning — *our* *ensign*. RITSON.

P. 82, l. 5. *What are you then deter-*
to do?] i. e. I am
solved in such a case to kill myself. *Wh*
you determined of? WARBURTON.

P. 82, l. 6. & fol. Bru. *Even by the r*
that philosophy
There is an apparent contradiction between
sentiments contained in this and the foll
speech which Shakspeare has put into the
of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his res
to wait patiently for the determinations of
dence; and in the next, he intimates, that
he should survive the battle, he would neve
mit to be led in chains to Rome. This is
translation is h

I concur with Mr. Steevens. The words of the text by no means justify Sir W. Blackstone's solution. The question of Cassius relates solely to the event of *this* battle. MALONE.

There is certainly an apparent contradiction between the sentiments which Brutus expresses in this, and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid it down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it.

M. MASON.

This apparent contradiction may be easily reconciled. Brutus is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times; but is roused by the idea of being "led in triumph," to which he will never submit. The loss of the battle would alone have determined him to kill himself, if he could have lived free. RITSON.

Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this something is lost: but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this: I determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of *an* arming myself with patience, &c. JOHNSON.

P. 82, l. 10. 11. — *to prevent*

The time of life: — } To prevent is used in a French sense — to anticipate. Time is meant the full and complete time: period. MALONE.

To *prevent*, I believe, has here its common signification. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, adduces this very instance as an example of it.

STEVENS.

P. 84, l. 12. — *get higher on that hill;*] Our author perhaps wrote on *this* hill; for Cassius is now on a hill. But there is no need of change. He means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is. MALONE.

P. 88, l. 14. And may'st be honour'd *being Cato's son;*] i. e. worthy of him. Warburton.

P. 88, l. 17. *There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;*] Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunae*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting? JOHNSON.

P. 91, l. 28. — *I will entertain them.*] i. e. receive them into my service. So, in *King Lear*: "You, Sir, I *entertain* for one of my hundred." STEVENS.

P. 91, l. 31. — *if Messala will prefer me to you.*] To *prefer* seems to have been the established phrase for recommending a servant. REED.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and un-

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Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost: but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this: I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato; arming myself with patience, &c. JOHNSON.

P. 82, l. 10, 11. — *to prevent*
The time of life: — To prevent is here used in a French sense — to anticipate. By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the period. MALONE.

l. 15, 16. *And is become the bellows-
and the fan,*

cool a gipsy's lust.] Gipsy is here
in the original meaning for an *Aegyptian*
and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*.

JOHNSON.

This passage something seems to be wanting.
Bellows and *fan* being commonly used for
very purposes, were probably opposed by the
poet who might perhaps have written:

— *is become the bellows, and the fan,*
to kindle and to cool a gyps's lust.

JOHNSON.

In *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both
to kindle and to cool. STEEVENS.

The text is undoubtedly right. The *bellows*,
as the *fan*, cools the air by ventilation; and
therefore considered it here merely as an instru-
ment of *wind*, without attending to the domestick
which it is commonly applied. MALONE.
Johnson's amendment is unnecessary, and his
reasoning is ill founded. The *bellows* and the
fan produce the same effects. When applied to a fire,
they increase it; but when applied to any other
substance, they cool it. M. MASON.

l. 20. *The triple pillar of the world*] is here used improperly for *third*, or *one*
of the three. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three
of the world. WARBURTON.

l. 3. — *a bourn* —] Bound or limit.

Pope.

l. 4. 5. *Then must thou needs find out
new heaven, new earth.*]

must set the boundary of my love at a
distance than the present visible universe

JOHNSON.

NOTES TO

P. 96, l. 8. — The sum.] Be brief, ^{and thy}
business in a few words. JOHNSON.
P. 96, l. 9. — hear them,] i. e. the news.

This word in Shakspeare's time was considered as
plural: MALONE.
P. 96, l. 13. Take in —] i. e. subdue, ^{and}

quer. READ.
P. 96, l. 19. Where's Fulvia's process?] Pro-
cess here means summons. M. MASON.

"The writings of our common lawyers some-
times call that the processe, by which a man is
called into the court and no more." Minshew
Diet. 1617, in γ. Processe. MALONE.

P. 96, l. 26 - 28. — and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall!] Taken from
Roman custom of raising triumphal arches to
petrate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBU

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had ar-
bit of a fabrick standing on pillars. The
editions have all printed, the raised empi-
re the rang'd empire, as it was first given.

The rang'd empire is certainly right.
Shakspeare uses the same expression in C^{or}
and in Muchado about Nothing. Str

The term range seems to have been
a peculiar sense to masonwork in
time. MALONE.
P. 96, last l. — to west,] To kne

P. 97, l. 4 - 6. — Antony
Will be himself.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra
passage, seems to have the old S.
without, unless, except.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 265

neen, *will recollect his thoughts. Unless kept,*
replies, in commotion by Cleopatra.

JOHNSON.

What could Cleopatra mean by saying *Antony* *will recollect his thoughts*? What thoughts were they, for the recollection of which she was to applaud him? It was not for her purpose that he should think, or rouse himself from the lethargy which she wished to keep him. By *Antony will be himself*, she means to say, "that Antony will act like the joint sovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Caesar, or the anger of Fulia." To which he replies, *If but stirr'd by Cleopatra*; that is, if moved to it in the slightest degree by her. M. MASON.

P. 97, l. 7. *For the love of Love*, means, for the sake of the Queen of love. MALONE.

P. 97, l. 8. *Let's not confound the time*] i. e. let us not consume the time. MALONE.

P. 97, l. 28. That he approves *the common liar*,] same. That he *proves* the common liar, *same*, his case to be a true reporter. MALONE.

P. 98, l. 8. q. *O, that I knew this husband,* *which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is:— *must charge his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns* his *garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*, or to *dress with changes* of garlands. JOHNSON.

P. 98, last l. but one. *I had rather heat my liver with drinking.*] To know why the lady is

so averse from *heating her liver*, it is remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to produce a pimpled face. JOHNSON.

The *liver* was considered as the seat of passion. In answer to the Soothsayer, who told her she shall be very loving, she says, "Shall I heat her liver by drinking, if it was to be so?"

P. 99, l. 3. *Let me have a child*. This is one of Shakspeare's natural circumstances are more flattering to a woman than breeding at an advanced period of life.

P. 99, l. 4. A child; to whom *Jewry may do homage*.] Herod, king of the Romans, to procure the grant of dominion of Judea; but I believe there is here to the theatrical character of the play and to a proverbial expression found in *Herod* was always one of the personages of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty tyrant, so that *Herod of Jewry* was a common proverb expressive of tyranny. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting actor, "he *out-herods Herod*." And in this play, Cleopatra tells Cleopatra that "not even *Herod* dare look upon her when she is angry, even a man as fierce as *Herod*." According to the explanation, the sense of the present passage is — Charmian wishes for a son who will rise to such power and dominion that he will be able to subvert the fiercest monarchs of the earth under his yoke. STEEVENS.

9, l. 9. *I love long life better than figs.]* .
 a proverbial expression. STEEVENS.

9, l. 11 — 16. Sooth. *You have seen and
 prov'd a fairer former fortune
 than that which is to approach.*

*Then, belike, my children shall have no
 ; Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches
 I have?] If I have already had the best
 fortune, then I suppose I shall never
 children, that is, I am never to be mar-
 However, tell me the truth, tell me, how
 boys and wenches?* JOHNSON.

fairer fortune, I believe, means — a more
 ble one. Her answer then implies, that be-
 ll her children will be bastards, who have
 lit to the name of their father's family.

STEEVENS.

9, l. 17. 18. *If every of your wishes had
 a womb,*

And fertile every wish, a million.] Fer-
or foretel, in ancient editions, the later co-
ve foretold. *Foretel* favours the emenda-
 f Dr. Warburton, which is made with great
 eas; yet the original reading may, I think,

*If you had as many wombs as you will
 wishes, and I should foretel all those
 s, I should foretel a million of children.*
 n ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I
 I shame you, and tell all; that is, and if
 uld tell all. And is for and if*, which was
 uly, and is still provincially used for *if*.

JOHNSON.

99, l. 19. *I forgive thee for a witch.]*
 a common proverbial reproach willy-nilly

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witch.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 2

ling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in page 111. So, in *Genesis*. c. 45, : "Ye are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest." BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows*: for such *fallows* are always fruitful in *weeds*.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. These *wind-rows* are suffered to lie still, in these senses, the farmer must fare the worse for want of activity. First, if this compost be frequently turned over, it will *bring forth* weeds spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and obnoxious herbage.

STEEVENS.

Steevens's description of *wind-rows* will, I fear, but little reputation with the farmer; nor, were it more accurate, does it seem to be in point, unless it can be shown that *quick winds* and *wind-rows* are synonymous terms, that his interpretation

us; a representation of our vices in their odiousness — is as our EARING; serves to up the neglected soil, and enable it to produce a profitable crop.

When the *quick winds lie still*, that is, mild winter, those weeds which "the tyrannical breathings of the north" would have cut off, continue to grow and seed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow. HENLEY.

Whether my definition of *winds* or *wind* be exact or erroneous, in justice to myself I inform Mr. Henley that I received it from a sex farmer; observing at the same time, that different counties the same terms are differently applied. Mr. Henley is not apt to suspect is any thing which, at a single glance, he does perfectly understand, and therefore his remarks are ushered in with as little diffidence as can be expressed. For one piece of knowledge, I ever, (in common with the rest of the world) I shall think myself still further obliged to. Will he be kind enough to tell us what *up winds* they are which cut off the weeds and the flowers, destroy the noxious but leave the salutary plants without an injury? The winter 1788-9 was as hard a one as has been hit remembered; but I could not discover by own attention, or from the report of others, the garden or the field had one weed the less its severity. Let me do justice, however, to the general turn of Mr. Henley's note, which is ingenious, and perhaps is right. STREAVENS.

The words *lie still* are opposed to *ear*; *quick* means pregnant; and the sense of the *sage* is: When our pregnant minds *lie still* untrilled, they bring forth weeds; but the

us of our faults is a kind of culture to them." The pronoun *our* before *quick*, shows that the substantive to which it refers must be something belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick* winds lying *still*, is little better than nonsense. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnson thus explains the old reading:

"The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good." This certainly is true of *soil*, but where did Dr. Johnson find the word *soil* in this passage? He found only *winds*, and was forced to substitute *soil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy; as Mr. Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, supposes *winds* to mean *fallows*, because "the ridges, left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind-rows*," though surely the obvious explication of the latter word, *rows exposed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry, are also called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, [*minds*] and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear; for if in Dr. Johnson's note we substitute, *not cultivated*, instead of — "*not ventilated by quick winds*," we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited. — Our *quick* minds, means, our lively, apprehensive minds. So, in *King Henry IV. P. II.*: It ascends me into *the brain*; — makes it apprehensive, *quick*, forgetive." Again, in this play: "The *quick* comedians." — &c.

It is however proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation: "While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and luxury, we

Being at all times very true. The old copy, I should not have done in stance, but that the word winds in the q in which it has yet been proved to be fords no meaning. MALONE.

The observations of six commentators exhibited. To offer an additional in subject, (as the messenger says to Lady "were full cruelty" to the reader. STEW P. 105, l. 1-5. — *the present plea*

By revolution lowering, does bea
The opposite of itself. The allusin ann's diurnal course; which rising in and by revolution lowering, or set west, becomes the opposite of itself. V

This is an obscure passage. The which Dr. Warburton has offer'd is can add nothing to it: yet perhaps who was less learned than his commet only, that our pleasures, as they are the mind, turn to pain. JOHNSON.

I rather understand the passage thus often cast from us in contempt we for, and what is at present our g sure, lowers in our estimation by tion of time; or by a frequent r session becomes undesirable and

I believe: revolution means ch stances. This sense appears to r

faculty from the passage. — *The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.* STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 4. *The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.*] The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.* HEATH.

Could, would and should, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance. STEEVENS.

P. 103, l. 20. — *upon far poorer moment:]* For less reason; upon meaner motives.

JOHNSON.

P. 104, l. 7-11. *When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new.*] I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *They show to man the tailors of the earth; comforting him there-* in &c. I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus: *It shows to men the tailors of the earth, comforting them &c.* JOHNSON.

The meaning is this. *As the Gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.* ANONYMUS.

When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth, offering this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another. MALONE.

P. 104, l. 24. *Expedience for expedition.*

WARBURTON.

P. 104, l. 25. *And get her love to part.* I have no doubt but we should read *leave*, instead of *love*. So afterwards:

"Would she had never given you *leave* to come!" M. MASON.

The old reading may mean — *And prevail on her love to consent to our separation.*

STEEVENS.

I suspect the author wrote: *And get her leave to part.*

The greater part of the succeeding scene is employed by Antony, in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra's permission to depart, and in vain of everlasting constancy, not in persuading her to forget him, or love him no longer. MALONE.

P. 104, l. 26. — *with more urgent touches* Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. JOHNSON.

P. 104, l. 29. *Petition us at home* — *call for us to reside at home.*

P. 105, l. 4. *Which, like the conser's hair,*

hath yet but life

Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to a

skinn. POPE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

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when old garments are worn out, accom-
you with new ones.* ANONYMOUS.

P. 107, l. 12. *Remains in use with* poet seems to allude to the legal between the *use* and *absolute possession*.

P. 107, l. 24. — *which most with* safe my go should render my going not dangerous, to produce any mischief to you. Mr. instead of *safe*, the reading of the old necessarily reads *salve*. MALONE.
— *safe* my going, is the true rea

P. 107, l. 27 - 29. Cleo. *Though* *folly could not give me* *It does from childishness: — C* *die:]* T

was mortal, Cleopatra could have no doubt; the meaning therefore of he seems to be: — *Will there ever be your excuses? As often do you swa me, will not some Falsia, some new found for your departure? She has a that though age could not exempt her f at least it frees her from a childish b he says. STEVENS.*

I am inclined to think, that Cleop no more than — Is it possible that Fal die? I will not believe it. RITSON.

Though age has not exempted me I am not so childish, as to have ap from a rival that is no more. And dead indeed? Such, I think, is the mea

P. 107, l. 32. *The garbors the* the commotion she occasioned. SEE

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of Words*, 8vo. 1604, garboile is explained word hurlyburly. MALONE.

P. 107, last lines. *Where be the sacred thou should'st fill*
With sorrowful water? Alluding to lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend.

P. 108, l. 9. 10. — *I am quickly ill, and so*
So Antony loves.] i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. STEEVENS
P. 108, l. 17. — *to Egypt:*] [To me, Queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

P. 108, l. 25. — *this Herculean Roman*] A son traced his descent from Antony, a son of Hercules. STEEVENS.
P. 108, l. 52, 33. *O, my oblivion is a very*

And I am all forgotten.] Cleopatra has nothing to say, which seems to be suppressed by sorrow; and after many attempts to produce her mind, she cries out: *O, this oblivious memory is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing. Oblivion, believe, is holdly used for a memory apt to be useful.*

too much latitude be taken in this explanation, we might with little violence read, as Mr. Warde has proposed in his MS. notes: *O, my! oblivion is a very Antony, &c.*

STEVENSON.
Perhaps nothing more is necessary here than a change of punctuation; *O my!* being still an exclamation frequently used in the west of England.
MALONE.

Oh my! — in the provincial sense of *Oh my God!* an imperfect exclamation of — *Oh my God!* decent exclamation always stops before the name is pronounced. Could such an exclamation therefore have been uttered by the Pagan Cleopatra? — STEVENS.

The sense of the passage appears to me to be this. "O, my oblivion, as if it were another Antony, possesses me so entirely, that I quite forget myself." M. MASON.

I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Stevens's explanation of this passage is just. Dr. Johnson says, that "it was her memory, & her oblivion, that like Antony, was forgetting & deserting her." It certainly was; it was her *livious memory*, as Mr. Stevens has well interpreted it; and the licence is much in our usual manner. MALONE.

P. 168, last lines. *But that your Majesty holds idleness your subject, I should take you*

For idleness itself. i. e. *But that you, who are the greatest fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest.* That this is the sense is shown by her answer;

It's sweating labour, To bear such idleness so near the heart, As Cleopatra this. — WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is a very good one. The sense may be — *But that your Majesty chooses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself.*

Or an antithesis may be designed between royalty and subject. — But that I know you to be a Queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence; I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself. STREVENSON.

Mr. Strevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth. But perhaps your subject rather means, whom being in subjection to you, you can command at pleasure, "to do your bidding," to assume the airs of coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I should suppose you yourself were this capricious being.

MALONE.

P. 209, l. 22. *One great competitor;*] Perhaps, *Our great competitor.* JOHNSON.

Johnson is certainly right in his conjecture that we ought to read, "*Our great competitor,*" as this speech is addressed to Lepidus, his partner in the empire. *Competitor* means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakspeare, *associate or partner.* M. MASON.

P. 110, l. 2. *His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven's*
blackness. If he

P. 110, l. 11 - 14. — *say, this becomes him*
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blench,)] — *It*
 seems inconsequent; I read:

And his composure, &c. . . .
 Grant that this becomes him, and if it can
 become him, he must have in him something
 very uncommon, yet, &c. JOHNSON.

P. 110, l. 16, 17. — *No way excuse his will,*
when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. The
 word *light* is one of Shakespeare's favourite play-
 things. The sense is, His trifling levity threatens
 much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

P. 110, l. 17 - 20. — *If he fill,*
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't. Call on him, is, afflict
 him. Says Caesar, If Antony followed his de-
 baucheries at a time of leisure, I should have
 him to be punished by their natural consequen-
 ces, by surfeits and dry bones. JOHNSON.

P. 110, l. 24. — *boys; who, being mature in*
knowledge, — *For*
 Hammer, who thought the maturity of boys an
 inconsistent idea, has put, *who, immature in knowledge:*

but the words *experience* and *judgement* require
 that we read *mature*; though Dr. Warburton has
 received the emendation. By *boys* (*mature in*
knowledge, are meant, boys old enough to know
 their duty. JOHNSON.

P. 110, last l. — *he is help'd of*
That only have fear'd Caesar's — *him*
whom, not love but fear made adherent to him,
now show their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.

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111, first l. The *discontents*.] That is, the *discontents*. MALONE.

111, l. 4-8. *It hath been taught us from the primal state,*

That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;

And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.] *Dear'd* — Old *y* → *fear'd*. Let us examine the sense of this it stood] in plain prose. *The earliest history inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command; he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, comes to be fear'd by them.* But do the multitude fear a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read:

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

Endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the text requires this reading; for it was not fear, love, that made the people flock to young *Caesar*, and what occasioned this reflection. So, *Coriolanus*:

"I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*."

WARBURTON.

The correction was made in Theobald's edition, whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Nothing, however, is yet wanting. "What is

meaning of — "*ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love*?" I suppose that the second *ne'er* was frequently repeated at the press, and that we should read — *till not worth love.* MALONE.

111, l. 12. *Like to a vagabond flay upon the stream,*

*R. 110, l. 16, 17. — It is to be said, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blowish,)] This
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*And his composure, &c. — Grant that this becomes him, and if it can
become him, he must have in him something
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that we read mature. Though Dr. Webster has
received the emendation, By boys, mature in
knowledge, it means boys old enough to know
their duty. JOHNSON.*

*R. 110, l. 24. — he is behold of these
That only have feared Caesar. These
whom not only but have made adherents to Caesar,
now show their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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Act 1, Scene 1. The discontents.] That is, the malecontents. MALONE.

Pl. 1, 1, 4-8. It hath been taught us from the primal state, That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;

And the abbd man, never lov'd, till never worth love.

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.] Dear'd - Old copy - fear'd. Let us examine the sense of this [as it stood] in plain prose. The earliest Historians inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom a multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be fear'd by them. But do the multitude fear a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read:

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasioned this reflection. See *Coriolanus*.

"I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd." WARBURTON.

The correction was made in Theobald's edition, who, as it was commented by Dr. Warburton, nothing, however, is yet wanting. "What is the meaning of - never lov'd till he is worth?" I suppose that the second he or was has been only repeated at the press, and that we should read till he is worth love. MALONE.

Goes to, and back, lashing the varying tide,

For itself with motion. The word is, I believe, an interpolation, being wholly to the sense, and injurious to the measure. It is an old copy. But how can it, or rush, floating upon a stream, and that no motion but what the fluctuation of the river gives it, be said to lash the tide? This is ing a source of a weak reflective thing, and it is an active violence in its own power. true, there is no sense in the old reading; the addition of a single letter will not only be good sense, but the genuine words of our it into the bargain.

Lashing the varying tide,
floating backwards and forwards with the
tion of the tide, like a page, or lashing
master's heels. THEOBALD.
P. 15. To ear, is to plough; a hom-
metaphor. JOHNSON.

ear, is not, however, at this time, a common
P. 1575: Because I have a larger field to ear.

Because I have a larger field to ear.
Turn
at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

Flush youth is youth ripened
in blood. youth whose blood is at the flow
STEVENSON

[P. 1. 24. Leave thy lascivious wassels.]
is here put for intemperance in general.
more particular account of the word see

Marshall. The old copy, however, reads *vas-*
sails. STEEVENS.

Parasails is, without question, the true reading.
P. 111, l. 50. *the gilded puddle.* There is
frequently observable on the surface of stagnant
pools that have remained long undisturbed, a
reddish gold coloured slime: to this appearance
the poet here refers. HENLEY.

P. 112, l. 29. *I knew it for my bond.* That
is, to be my bounden duty. M. MASON.
P. 112, l. 30. *Mandrags.* A plant of which
the infusion was supposed to procure sleep.

Gerard, in his *Herbal*, says of the *Mandrags*:
"Dioscorides doth particularly set down
many faculties hereof, of which, notwithstanding
there be none proper unto it, says those that de-
pend upon the diawie, and sleeping power, there-
of." PERCY.

P. 113, l. 100. *A purgation* is a kind of *holer*.

P. 113, l. 35. *Broad-fronted Caesar.*
Mr. Deward is of opinion that the poet wrote *gold*
fronted Caesar. STEEVENS.

Broad-fronted is an allusion to *Caesar*'s
baldness. HENLEY.

P. 14, l. 6, 7. — *that great medicine hath*
With his tinct gild'd thee. Alluding
to the philosopher's stone, which, by its power,
converts base metal into gold. The alche-
mists call the matter, whatever it be, by which
they perform transmutation, a *medicine*.

P. 14, l. 10. *And soberly did mount*

on his great steed.

marvellous long." Perhaps this is in Shakspeare's thoughts. MA

P. 118, l. 20. *If we compose* if we come to a lucky composition.

P. 118, last lines. *Touch you* will

Nor curstness grow to thee ill-humour he added to the difference. JOHNSON.

P. 119, l. 6-9. *Caes. Sit!*

Ant. Sit, Sir!

Caes. Nay,

Then —] Antony appears in a circumstance which seemed to show consciousness of superiority in partnership in power; and accordingly his invitation of Caesar to be seated is answered. *Nay then* — i. e. to resent what I meant as an insult. There can be no reason to suppose enough for the business on which they are met. The former editor has put the end of this as well as the

The following circumstance is given in Mr. Stevens's opinion. Sebastian made his appearance to a conference with the Duke of Brabant, to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, *Corde de Lemos, be content* by that nobleman, by whom he was introduced. To the superiority expressed in this he replied, I do it by Sebastian. JOHNSON.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

P. 119, l. 24. 25. — *if you there* To practise
Did practise on my state,] *Did practise on my state,* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems
STEVENSON.

P. 119, l. 25. 26. your being in Egypt
Might he my question.] i. e. my theme or
subject of conversation. MALONE.

P. 119, l. 32. 33. — *and their contestation*
Was theme for you, you were the word of
war.] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's
self and brother made upon Caesar, was theme
for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion
why he did make war. But this is directly con-
trary to the context, which shows, Antony did
rather encourage them to it, nor second them in
it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:
— and their contestation

Was theme for you,
The pretence of the war was on your account,
took up arms in your name, and you were
the theme and subject of their insurrection.
WARBURTON.

m neither satisfied with the reading nor the
translation; *them'd is*, I think, a word unusual
and very harsh. Perhaps
— *their*

yet more extensive plan:
 a writer to dilate upon.
 may prove the best c
 Thus, in *Coriolanus*, A

" — throw forth
 "For insurrection's
 Sicinius calls Coriole
 of our assembly." S
 I should suppose th
 sentence have been mi
 stand thus:

— and for cor
 Their theme wa

P. 119, last l. —
 Did urge me
 make use of my n

P. 120, first l.

Reports for repo
 Holinshed, 1181
 in *King Richar*
wrongers. STE

P. 120, l. 27.

Discredit

And mak

Having
 seems to be,

be offended

offended with

Caesar? May

— D

Discreet

And n

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Hating *alike* our cause? JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained
Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the
cause against which his brother fought.

P. 120, l. 8. *As matter whole you have no* STEEVENS
to make it with,] 'The

original copy reads:

As matter whole you have to make it with.
Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only
serve it, that the reader may more readily ad-
mit the liberties which the editors of this author's
works have necessarily taken. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. It seems to al-
lude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding
the cause; but yet Antony does not allow himself
to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against
Steevens.

120, l. 18. — *'fronted —]* i. e. *opposed,*
JOHNSON.

120, l. 18, 19. — *As for my wife,*
would you had her spirit in

with sweetest
Nor curstness grow to the matter.]
In Humour be added to the real subject
difference. JOHNSON.

P. 119, l. 6-9. Caes. Sit!

Ant. Sit, Sir!

Caes. Nay,

Then —] Antony appears to be in
a circumstance which seemed to indicate
consciousness of superiority in his too ex-
plicit partner in power; and accordingly re-
sents the invitation of Caesar to be seated. Cae-
sar answers, *Nay then* — i. e. if you are
to resent what I suggest as an act of civility
there can be no reason to suppose you have
enough for the business on which at pre-
sent we meet. The former editors leave a full
the end of this as well as the preceding line
Str

The following circumstance may serve to
set Mr. Steevens's opinion. When the
Sebastian made his appearance in Europe

"engagement." — The adverb *now* refers to *is*, not to *talks on*; and the line should be pointed thus:

The honour's sacred that he talks on, now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. M. MASON.

P. 121, l. 21 - 23. — but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my
power

Work without it:] Nor my greatness work
without mine honesty. MALONE.

P. 121, l. 31. — *griefs* —] i. e. grievances.
MALONE.

P. 121, l. 33. — *to atone you.*] i. e. recon-
cile you. STEEVENS.

P. 122, l. 9. *Go to then: your considerate*
stone.] This line is
passed by all the editors, as if they understood it,
and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot
find in it any very obvious, and hardly any pos-
sible meaning. I would therefore read:

Go to then, you considerate ones.

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of
speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, go to,
do your own business. JOHNSON.

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be
perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read
(without altering a letter);

"— your consideratest one."

I doubt indeed whether this adjective is ever
used in the superlative degree; but in the mouth
of Enobarbus it might be pardoned.

BLACKSTONE.

P. 122, l. 10 - 16. *I do not much dislike the*
matter, &c.] I do not

say Caesar, think the man wrong, but too free
of his interposition, for it cannot be, we shall

yet more extensive plan; as themes are given a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act. I. sc. i:

"—— throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing."

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, "—— the then of our assembly." STEVENS.

I should suppose that some of the words of the sentence have been misplaced, and that it should stand thus:

—— and for contestation

Their theme was you; (you were the war)

P. 119, last l: — my brother never

Did urge me in his act: i. e. Never make use of my name as a pretence for the

P. 120, first l. And have my learning

Reports for reporters. Mr. Tollet observes

Holinshed, 1581, uses records for vouchers

in *King Richard II.* our author has been

wrongers. STEVENS.

P. 120, l. 24-6. Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours;

And make the wars alike against me

Having alike your cause?]

The seems to be having the same cause

be offended with me. But why, because

offended with Antony, should he make war

Caesar? May it not be read thus?

Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against me

mark,

Hating alike our cause? JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought.

STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 8. *As matter whole you have not to make it with,*] The original copy reads:

As matter whole you have to make it with.

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author's works have necessarily taken. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Caesar; but yet Antony does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against him. STEEVENS.

P. 120, l. 18. — *fronted —*] i. e. *opposed*, JOHNSON.

P. 120, l. 18. 19. — *As for my wife,*

Al would you had her spirit in such another.] Antony means

to say, I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter.

By the words, you had her spirit, &c. SHAKESPEARE, I apprehend, means, you were united to, or possessed of, a woman with her spirit.

MALONE.

P. 121, l. 2. *I told him of myself,*] i. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his audience. WARBURTON.

ing, without giving her the trouble of nation. STREEVENS.

And made their bends adorning sense indeed, and may be understood maids bowed with so good an air, new graces to them. But this is not aspeare would say. Cleopatra, in this personated Venus just rising from at which time the mythologists tell deities surrounded the Goddess to do her homage. Agreeably to this fab had dressed her maids, the poet tells reids. To make the whole therefore to the story represented, we may Shakspeare wrote:

And made their bends adoring: They did her observance in the personation, as if she had been Venus.

That Cleopatra personated Venus but that Shakspeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the ties of the sea; is by no means as old terms will probably appear the of the two to modern readers, who much about *the line of beauty*. The age is taken from Sir Thomas North of Plutarch. STREEVENS.

There are few passages in this puzzling than this; but the comment to me to have neglected entirely the of it; and to have confined all their conjectures to that which requires any explanation: for if their interpret words, *tended her in the eyes*, be obvious meaning of the succeeding lines in paying their obeisance to Cleop

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

207

ation of their bodies was so graceful, it added to their beauty. . . .
 . . . burton's amendment, the reading *adorings*,
 of *adorings*, would render the passage
 tical, and it cannot express the sense he
 for, without an alteration; for although
 vens justly observes, the verb *adore* is fre-
 used by the ancient dramatic writers in
 se of *to adorn*, I do not find that *to*
 was reciprocally used in the sense of *to*
 Tallet's explanation is ill imagined; for
 the word *bands* might formerly have
 lled with an *s*, and a troop of beau-
 tidants would add to the general magnifi-
 the scene, they would be more likely
 than to enclose the charms of their
 And as for Malone's conjecture, though
 the ingenious, it is just as ill founded.
 articular bend of the eye may add lustre
 ms of a beautiful woman, every man
 felt: and it must be acknowledged
 ords, *their bands*, may refer to the
 opatra; but the word *made* must re-
 fer to her gentlewomen: and it would
 say that *they* made the bands of *her*
 ings. . . . But all these explanations,
 it to the last, are equally erroneous,
 ded on a supposition that the pass-
 and that the words, *tended her*, i.
 st mean that her attendants watched
 from them: received her commands.
 ords can, by any possibly construc-
 hat meaning, the editors have not
 a I conceive. . . . Of this I am cer-
 ch arbitrary and fanciful interpre-
 mitted, we shall be able to extract

remain in friendship: yet if it were possible,
It would endeavour it. JOHNSON.

P. 122, l. 23. 24. — your reproof

Were well deserv'd of rashness.] In the
old edition:

— your proof.

Were well deserv'd —

which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph,
changes to *approve*; which he explains, *allowance*.

Dr. Warburton inserted *reproof* very properly in-
to Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own.

JOHNSON.

[That is, you might be reproved for your rash-
ness, and would well deserve it. — Your re-
proof, means, the reproof you would undergo.

M. MASON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is certainly right.
The error was one of many which are found in
the old copy, in consequence of the transcriber's
not deceiving him. MASON.

P. 123, l. 30-32. — *I must thank him only,*

lest my remembrance suffer ill report,

At heel of that, defy him.] Lest I be

thought too willing to forget benefits, I must
barely return him thanks, and then I will defy
him. JOHNSON.

P. 124, l. 16. — *most* —] i. e. greatest.

STEEVENS.

P. 124, l. 33-34. — *if report be square to*

her.] i. e. if report quadrates with her, or suits
with her merits. STEEVENS.

P. 124, l. 31. *When she first met Mark An-*

tony, she purs'd up his head; upon the river

of Cydnus.] This passage is a strange instance

guise was, is phraseology unauthorized by the practice of any writer I have met with. If the word the commentator would introduce, had been genuine, and had referred to the antecedent, *Nereides*, Shakspeare would most probably have said — “tended her in *that* guise: — at least he would have employed some expression to connect his supplement with the foregoing clause of his description. But — “in *the* guise” seems un-reducible to sense, and unjustifiable on every principle of grammar. — Besides, when our poet had absolutely declared these women were like *Nereides* or *Mermaids*, would it have been necessary for him to subjoin that they appeared in the form, or with the accoutrements of such beings? for how else could they have been distinguished?

Yet, whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boast of in their native element, they must have produced but awkward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. Nor can I conceive that our fair representatives of these nymphs of the sea, were much more adroit and picturesque in their motions; for when their legs were cramped within the fictitious tails the commentator has made for them, I do not discover how they could have undulated their hinder parts in a lucky imitation of semi-fishes. Like poor Elkanah Settle, in his dragon of green leather, they could only wag the *remigium caudæ* without ease, variety, or even a chance of *labouring into a graceful curve*. I will undertake, in short, the expence of providing characteristick tails for any set of mimic *Nereids*, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adscititious terminations, so “as to render them a grace instead of a deformity.” In

such an attempt a party of British chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour.

It may be added also, that the Sirens and descendants of Nerens, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was uncrossed by the salmon or dolphin tribes; and as such they are uniformly described by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future scene (though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the Cydnus) has styled Cleopatra his *Thetis*, a Goddess whose train of Nereids is circumstantially depicted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebrae of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of shape is only met with in the lowest orders of oceanick and terrestrial deities. Tritons are furnished with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a Nereid's tail is an unclassical image adopted from modern sign-posts, and happily exposed to ridicule by Hogarth in his Print of Strolling Actresses dressing in a barn. What Horace too has reprobated as a disgusting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful:

— *ut turpiter atrum*

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

I allow that the figure at the helm of the vessel, was likewise a Mermaid or Nereid; but all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other passage throughout the dramas of our author, in which a mermaid is introduced.

For reasons like these (notwithstanding in support of our commentator's appendages, and the present female fashion of holstered hips and cork rumps, we might read, omitting only a single letter, — "made their ends adornings;" — and

ough I have not forgotten Bayes's advice to an actress — "Always, Madam, up with your *end*") should unwillingly confine the graces of Cleopatra's Nereids, to the flexibility of their pantomimick tails. For these, however ornamentally wreathed like Virgil's snake, or respectfully lowered like a lictor's fasces, must have afforded less decoration than the charms diffused over the unsophisticated parts, I mean, the bending of their necks and arms, the rise and fall of their bosoms, and the general elegance of submission paid by them to the vanity of their royal mistress.

The plain sense of the contested passage seems to be — that these Ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay their Queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.

The foregoing notes supply a very powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; or here we meet with the same phrase explained with reference to four different images: — BOWS, GROUPS, EYES, and TAILS. STEEVENS.

I think that the interpretation of these words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true* one.

Bend being formerly sometimes used for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Tollet very idly supposes that the word has that meaning here. MALONE.

P. 125, l. 26: *That yarely from the office.*] i. e. readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake. STEEVENS.

P. 125, l. 31. 32: — *the air; which, but for*

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.] Alluding

what sense we please from any combination of words. — The passage, as it stands, appears to me to be wholly unintelligible; but it may be attended by a very slight deviation from the text, by reading *the guise*, instead of *the eyes*, and then it will run thus:

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her *in* the guise,
And made their bends, adornings.

In the guise, means in the form of mermaids, who were supposed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fish's tail: and by the bends *which they made adornings*, Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fishes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were necessarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it seems they adapted with so much art as to make them an ornament, instead of a deformity. This conjecture is supported by the very next sentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his description, says,

"— at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers." M. Mason.

In many of the remarks of Mr. M. Mason I perfectly concur, though they are subversive of opinions I had formerly hazarded. On the present occasion I have the misfortune wholly to disagree with him.

His deviation from the text cannot be received; for who ever employed the phrase he recommends, without adding somewhat immediately after it, that would determine its precise meaning? We may properly say, *in the guise of a shepherd, of a friar, or of a heretic*. But to tell us that Cleopatra's women attended her *in the guise*, without subsequently informing us what that

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 503

se when they were together, Caesar's genius
he ascendant over his. M. MASON.

127, l. 25. 26. *I see't in*
My motion, have it not in my tongue:] i.e.
vinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

Theobald reads, with some probability,
it in my *notion*. MALONE.

128, first l. Becomes a *Fear*,] Mr. Upton

becomes a fear'd, —

: common reading is more poetical.

JOHNSON.

Fear was a personage in some of the old
ities. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to it
a Maid's Tragedy, where Aspasia instruct-
er servants how to describe her situation in
work:

— and then a *Fear*:

'Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.' —

msr had likewise personified *Fear*, in the
santo of the third book of his *Faery Queen*.

: sacred writings *Fear* is also a person:

'I will put a *Fear* in the land of Egypt.' Ex-
STEEVENS.

128, l. 20. 21. — *and his quails ever*

Beat mine, inwhoop'd, at odds.] The an-
used to match quails as we match cocks.

JOHNSON.

inwhoop'd, at odd's.] Thus the old copy.
op'd is *inclosed*, *confined*, that they may

The modern editions read:

Beat mine, in whoop'd - at odds. —

JOHNSON.

akespeare gives us the practice of his own
and there is no occasion for in whoop'd at, or

such an attempt a party of British chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour.

It may be added also, that the Sirens and ~~des-~~
cendants of Nerens, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was uncrossed by the salmon or dolphin tribes; and as such they are uniformly described by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future scene (though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the Cydnus) has styled Cleopatra his *Thetis*, a Goddess whose train of Nereids is circumstantially depleted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebrae of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of shape is only met with in the lowest orders of oceanic and terrestrial Heliodes. Tritons are furnished with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a Nereid's tail is an unfascinated image adopted from modern sign-posts, and happily exposed to ridicule by Hogarth in his *Paint of Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn*. What Horace too has reprobated as a disgusting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful.

*Dei namque in piscem nullus formosa supina
prostratus iacet, sed summa iussu corporis onus,
et seipsum vultuique suae torquet ungula.*
T. Now that the figure at the stern of the vessel, was likewise a Mermaid or Nereid; But all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other passage throughout the drama of our author, in which a mermaid is introduced.

For reasons like these (notwithstanding the support of our commentator's appendages, and the present female fashion of bolster'd hips and cork rumps, we might read, omitting only a single letter, and made their tails and wings, &c. and

though I have not forgotten Bayes's advice to an actress — "Always, Madam, up with your end") I should unwillingly confine the graces of Cleopatra's Nereids, to the flexibility of their pantomimick tails. For these, however ornamentally wreathed like Virgil's snake, or respectfully lowered like a lictor's fasces, must have afforded less decoration than the charms diffused over the more sophisticated parts, I mean, the bending of their necks and arms, the rise and fall of their bosoms, and the general elegance of submission paid by them to the vanity of their royal mistress.

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The foregoing notes supply a very powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; for here we meet with the same phrase explained with reference to four different images: *TRIMORS*, *GROUPS*, *EYES*, and *TAILS*. STEEVENS, ed. of 1801.

I think that the interpretation of these words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true* one.

Band being formerly sometimes used for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Todd very rightly supposes that the word has that meaning here. MALONE, 6 to 1000.

P. 215, l. 26. *That flares from the office.* i. e. readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake. STEEVENS, ed. of 1801.

P. 215, l. 31. *Spoke with the air, which, but for*

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, and
And made a gap in nature for all time to

an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*.

WARBURTON.
But for *vacancy*, means, for fear of a *vacuum*. MALONE.

R. 126, l. 18. 19. *Age cannot wither her,
nor custom stale*

Her infinite variety.] Such is the praise bestowed by Shakspeare on his heroine; a praise that well deserves the consideration of our female readers. Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of Princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments. STEVENSON.

R. 126, l. 26. 27. *Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.*] Dr. Warburton says, the poet wrote *allottery*: but there is no reason for this assertion. The ghost of Andrea in *The Spanish Tragedy*, says:

"Minos in graven heavens of lottery

"Drew forth the manner of my life and
death." FARMER.

Lottery for allotment. HENLEY.

P. 127, l. 24 - 25. "Would I had never come
from thence, nor gone

Thither!] Both the sense and grammar require that we should read *hither*, instead of *thither*. To come *hither* is English, but to come *thither* is not. The Soothsayer advises Antony to lie back to Egypt, and for the same reason wishes he had never come to Rome;

and I shall not disagree as with my name, &c.

JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 29-51. *Thou dost o'er-count me of
my father's house:*

*But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.*] Since, like
the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds,
you have invaded a house which you could not
build, keep it while you can. JOHNSON.

P. 135, l. 33. (For this is *from the present*,)]
i. e. foreign to the object of our present discussion.

STEEVENS.

P. 136, l. 51. *What counts harsh fortune
casts upon my face;*]

Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting
accounts in arithmetick. WARBURTON.

P. 137, l. 20. *A certain Queen to Caesar in
a mattress.*] i. e. To

Julius Caesar. STEEVENS.

most stubbo
flexion. W

P. 139, 1
still *conver*
acting in co

P. 140, 1
frequently
and from t
here be un
Cromwell,
after dinner

P. 140,
meaning,
Latin. Jor

P. 140,
alms-drink
to signify th
companion
alludes to
the triumph
selves the

P. 140,
the dispos
now in use

P. 140,

P. 140,
sphere, a
the holes
disaster t
mutilated;
but herhap
to this:

To be c
beseen to

great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disaster the cheeks. JOHNSON.

The thought, though miserably expressed, appears to be this. — That a man called into a high sphere without being seen to move in it, is a sight as unseemly as the holes where the eyes should be, without eyes to fill them. M. MASON.

I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be, [but are not,] which empty sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance.

The sphere in which the eye moves, is an expression which Shakspeare has often used.

MALONE.

P. 140, l. 25 — last l. — *They take the flow o' the Nile*

*By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know
By the height, the lowness, or the mean,
if dearth,*

*Or soizon, follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seeds-
man*

*Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.]* Pliny, speaking of the Nile, says: "How high it riseth, is knowne by markes and measures taken of certaiu pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubites. Under that gage, the waters overflow not all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the

The mean, i. e. the middle. STEEVENS.
Faizon is a French word signifying abundance. I am told that it is still in use in the North. STEEVENS.

P. 141, l. 14. *Pyramis* for *pyram* common use in our author's time. M.

P. 142, l. 26. — *inclip*s,] i. e. em

P. 142, l. 29. — *competitors*,] i. e. rates, partners. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 9. — *pall'd* fortunes —] *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *po* is wine that has lost its original spright

Palled is a word of which the etymology is not known. Perhaps, says Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, it is only a corruption of *paled* originally applied to colours. STEEVENS.

P. 145, l. 51. — Strike the vessel whether the casks sound as empty. I believe, strike the vessel me

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

than *chink the vessels one against the other*
a mark of our unanimity in drinking, and
 now say, *chink glasses.* STEEVENS.

Vessels probably mean *kettle-drums*, which
 were beaten when the health of a person of eminence
 was drank; immediately after we have, “*a bat-
 tery to our ears with the loud music,*” which
 are called *kettles* in *Hamlet*.

Dr. Johnson’s explanation degrades this feast
the lords of the whole world into rustic rattle.
 HOLT W.

P. 144, l. 17, 18. *The holding every
 shall bear, as he*

As his strong sides can volley.] Every
 shall accompany the chorus by drumming on
 sides, in token of concurrence and applause.
 JON.

I have no doubt but *bear* is the right reading.
 To *bear* the burden, or, as it is here called
holding of a song, is the phrase at this day. . . .
as his sides can volley, means, *with the ut-
 most exertion of his voice.* So we say, he laboured
 till he split his sides. M. MASON.

P. 144, l. 25. — *with pink cyne:*] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says a *pink eye* is a
 red eye, and quotes this passage for his authority.

author, though he lost the joke, yet seems willi to commemorate the story. **WARBURTON.**

The joke of which the learned editor seems lament the loss, could not be found in the translation of Plutarch, and Shakspeare looks no further. **STEEVENS.**

P. 145, last but one l. *Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck ;*] Alludes to *darting*. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. **JOHNSON.**

P. 146, l. 5. 4. — *Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.*] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, King of Parthia. **STEEVENS.**

P. 146, l. 29-51. *Thou hast, Ventidius, That without which a soldier, and his sword, Grants scarce distinction.*] *Grant*, for afford. Is badly and obscurely expressed: but the sense is this, *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. *Ventidius* had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.

WARBURTON.
P. 147, l. 25. — *Arabian bird!*] The phoenix. **JOHNSON.**

P. 148, l. 1-5. *Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love*

To Antony.] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the poet, whose business in the next line is only to number, makes me suspect some

it in this passage, which I know not how to end. JOHNSON.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his impositions to the harp; the *poet* only commits em to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, d to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is *to make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much relied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 8. *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*] i. e. they are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish sect* from the ground. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 17-19. — *as my furthest band Shall pass on thy approval.*] As I will procure the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

Band and *bond* in our author's time were synonymous. MALONE.

P. 148, l. 30. — *curious,*] i. e. scrupulous. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 1. 2. *The elements be kind to thee, and make*

Thy spirits all of comfort!] This is obscure. It seems to mean, *May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.* JOHNSON.

The elements be kind, &c. I believe means only, *May the four elements, of which this world is composed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.* STEEVENS.

Surely this expression means no more than, I

most stubborn manners; deserves our serious attention. WARBURTON.

P. 139, l. 16. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.] i. e. behaviour, manner of acting in common life. STEEVENS.

P. 140, l. 4. *A banquet* in our author's time frequently signified what we now call a desert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 602: "Their dinner is our banquet after dinner." MALONE.

P. 140, l. 6. *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the foot, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

P. 140, l. 9. *They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Caesar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

P. 140, l. 10. *As they pinch one another by the disposition.*] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place*.

P. 140, l. 17. *A partizan*] i. e. A pike. JOHNSON.

P. 140, l. 19-21. *To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.*] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this:

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it; is a very ignominious state;

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

to the questions put by Queen Elizabeth James Melvil, concerning his mistress the of Scots. Whoever will give himself the to consult his Memoirs, may probably the resemblance to be more than accident:

S.

I see no probability that Shakspeare should allude to a conversation that passed between Elizabeth and a Scottish ambassador in 15 very year in which he was born, and appear to have been made publick for above score years after his death; Melvil's *Memoirs* being printed till 1683. Such enquiries, no are perfectly natural to rival females, Queens or cinder-wenches. RITSON.

It has been justly observed that the probably Queen Elizabeth here in his The description given of her by a content about twelve years after her death, strong firms this supposition. "She was (says the tiumator of Stowe's *Chronicle*,) tall of strong in every limb and joynt, her fingers and long, her *voyce loud and shrill*." M

It may be remarked, however, that when patra applies the epithet "shrill tongued" via, it is not introduced by way of compliment the wife of Antony. STEEVENS.

The quality of the *voice* is referred to criterion similar to that, already noticed, *hair*. HENLEY.

P. 151, l. 9. *Station*, in this instance, the act of standing. STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 25. Cleo. *Widow?* Charmian Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, .

The Tempest:
"— with foreheads *villainous low*."

The phrase employed by the Messenger, a cant one. I once overheard a chamberlain of her rival, — "that her legs were as *she could wish them*." STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 4. *That so I harry'd him harry*, is to use roughly. Holinshed, speaking of the body of Richard III. says, "*harry'd* on horseback, dead." STEEVE

To *harry*, is, literally, to *hunt*. The word *harrier*. — King James threatened ritaus that "he would *harry* them out of th

P. 152, l. 29. Or did it *from his* Whether this means, as we now say, *in his teeth*, or that he spoke through his te

P. 154, l. 15. *Upon his own appeal, seizes him:]* To *appeal*, in Shakspeare, is to *accuse*; Caesar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Caesar's accusation. JOHNSON.

P. 154, l. 17-20. *Then, world, thou hast
a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou
hast,*

*They'll grind the one the other. Where's
Antony?*] Old copy
— *Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps,
no more; and throw between them all the food
thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's
Antony?* This is obscure, I read it as it stands here.

Caesar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNSON.

P. 154, l. 28-30 — *More Demitius.*

author, though he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story. WARBURTON.

The joke of which the learned editor seems to lament the loss, could not be found in the old translation of Plutarch, and Shakspeare looked no further. STEEVENS.

P. 145, last but one l. *Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;*] Alludes to *darting*. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. JOHNSON.

P. 146, l. 3. 4. — *Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.*] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, King of Parthia. STEEVENS.

P. 146, l. 29-31. *Thou hast, Ventidius, That without which a soldier, and his sword, Grants scarce distinction.*] *Grant*, for afford. Is badly and obscurely expressed: but the sense is this, *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. *Ventidius* had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.

WARBURTON.
P. 147, l. 25. — *Arabian bird!*] The phoenix. JOHNSON.

P. 148, l. 1-5. *Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love*

To Antony.] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the poet, whose business in the next line is only to number, makes me suspect some

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This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 8. *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*] i. e. They are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground. STEEVENS.

P. 148, l. 17-19. — *as my furthest band shall pass on thy approach.*] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

Band and *bond* in our author's time were synonymous. MALONE.

P. 148, l. 30. — *curious,*] i. e. scrupulous. STEEVENS.

P. 149, l. 1. 2. *The elements be kind to thee, and make*

Thy spirits all of comfort!] This is obscure. It seems to mean, *May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.* JOHNSON.

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Surely this expression means no more than,

P. 159
absolutely

P. 159
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P. 162

Platarch

P. 163

Cantle

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 3.

mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner.

JOHNSON:

P. 163, l. 12. — *token'd* —] Spotted.

JOHNSON

The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appear'd on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. So in the comedy of *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, in seven acts, 1649: "A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*."

STEEVENS:

P. 163, l. 13. — *ribald-rid nag* —] A luxurious squanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudra* which I do not understand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture.

JOHNSON

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. STEEVENS.

I have adopted the happy emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens. *Ribaud* was only the old spelling of *ribald*; and the misprint of *red* for *rid* is easily accounted for.

By *ribald*, Scarron, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not "every lewd fellow,"

Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin, when she fell to the lot of Antony.

STEEVENS.

P. 151, l. 31. 32. — *And her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.*] Low foreheads were in Shakspeare's age thought a blemish. So, in *The Tempest*:

"— with foreheads villainous low."

MALONE.

The phrase employed by the Messenger, is still a cant one. I once overheard a chambermaid say of her rival, — "that her legs were as thick as she could wish them." STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 4. *That so I harry'd him.*] To harry, is to use roughly. Holinshed, p. 735, speaking of the body of Richard III. says, it was "harned on horseback, dead." STEEVENS.

To harry, is, literally, to hunt. Hence the word harrier. — King James threatened the Puritans that "he would harry them out of the land."

HENRY.

P. 152, l. 29. Or did it *from his teeth.*] Whether this means, as we now say, *in spite of his teeth*, or that he spoke through his teeth, so as to be purposely indistinct, I am unable to determine. STEEVENS.

P. 152, l. 30 & fol. The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King John*. STEEVENS.

P. 153, l. 22-24. — *Wars 'twixt you twain
would be*

*As if the world should cleave, and that
slain men*

Should solder up the rift.] The sense is, that war between Caesar and Antony would en-

story. The old reading is indisputably the one.

Malone has judiciously defended the old reading. In *Othello* we have a phrase somewhat like to *wounded chance*; viz. "*mangled* r." STEEVENS.

164; l. 23. *I am so lated in the world,*] King to a benighted traveller. JOHNSON.

165, l. 15. — *I have lost command,*] I am not maker of my own emotions. JOHNSON.

Clearly, he rather means, — [*I entreat you to come*], because I have lost all power to command your absence. STEEVENS.

Steevens is certainly right. So, in *King Lear* III:

"Tell her, the King, that may command,
entreats." MALONE.

165, l. 31-33. *He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer;*] In the *scot*, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick, the dancers held swords in their hands the points upward. JOHNSON.

It is told that the peasants in Northumberland a sword-dance which they always practice at times. STEEVENS.

Sword dances at Christmas are not peculiar to Northumberland; they are common to the adjoining counties; and are, not without the great probability, supposed to have descended from the Romans. In these dances the sword points generally over the shoulders of the performers. It may mean, that Caesar stood inactive with his sword on his shoulder. RITSON.

The Goths in one of their dances held swords in their hands with the points upwards, sheathed

ace with.
shows that in both passages
of the English, and not of
Morisco, dance, (as Dr. John-
which the sword was not worn
held in the hand with the point
That the mad Brutus ended
more in character, than for a vir-
tyrant to call the heroic loved
d public liberty, mad as
Wanderers.

2. — he alone
lieutenantry, } I know not whether
that Caesar acted only as lieut-
i, or that he made his attempts on
ants, and left the generals to Antony.
JOHNSON.
lieutenantry, I believe, means such
a proxy, made war by his lieutenants,
his lieutenants. STANLEY.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Steevens's explanation of this passage is and agreeable to the character here given of Agrippa. Shakspeare represents him, in the next scene, as giving his orders to Agrippa, and remaining unengaged himself. M. MASON.

P. 166, l. 7. He is *unqualified*], I suppose she means, he is *unsoldiered*. *Quality* in Shakspeare's age was often used for *profession*. I think, that meaning in the passage in *Othello* in which Desdemona expresses her desire to accompany the Moor in his military service:

"— My heart's subdued

"Even to the very *quality* of my lord.

MA

Perhaps, *unqualified*, only signifies *unarmed* in general, *disarmed of his usual force* without any particular reference to soldiership.

STE

P. 166, l. 11. 12. ——— *but*

Your comfort makes the rescue.] *But* here, as once before in this play, the *so* for *except*, or *unless*. JOHNSON.

I rather incline to think that *but* has the ordinary signification. If it had been used for *less*, Shakspeare would, I conceive, have said, according to his usual practice, *make*. MA

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sea as the source of Jews as well as rain. *His* is used instead of *its*. STREVEVS.

Tyrwhitt's amendment is more likely to be right than Strevevs's explanation. M. MASON.

I believe the last is the right explanation.

HENLEY

The last of Mr. Strevevs's explanations certainly gives the sense of Shakspeare. If *his* be not used for *its*, he has made a person of the *Morn-drop*

HUTSON

P. 168, l. 5. *The circlet of the Ptolemies*
The diadem; the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

P. 168, l. 10. — *friend*,] i. e. paramour.

STREVEVS

P. 168, l. 26. Observe how *Antony* becomes
his *flow*;] That is how *Antony* conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. JOHNSON.

P. 169, first l. *Think, and die.*] Consider what mode of ending your life is most preferable and immediately adopt it. HENLEY.

P. 169, l. 8, ~~stick'd~~ his captainship;] i. e. set the mark of folly on it. STREVEVS.

P. 169, l. 9, 10. ~~the being~~

The mired question.] The *mired* question is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except

The mired question. —

That is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a boundary, and the *mere* question; if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed* boundary. JOHNSON.

Possibly Shakspeare might have coined the word *meerad*, and derived it from the adjective *meer*. In that case, the *meerad* question

mean, the only cause of the dispute — the *only* subject of the quarrel. M. MASON.

Mered is, I suspect, a word of our author's formation, from *mere*: he being the sole, the entire subject or occasion of the war. MALONE.

P. 169, last lines. — *I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against
sword,*

Ourselves alone.] I require of Caesar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him; but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. JOHNSON.

I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare wrote,
— his *gay comparisons*.

Let him "unstate his happiness," let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his coin, ships, legions, &c.* and meet me in single combat.

Caparison is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for *an ornamental dress*.

His *gay comparisons* may mean, those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when compared with me; so much exceeds me.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. MALONE.

The word *gay* seems rather to favour Malone's conjecture, that we should read *caparisons*. On the other hand, the following passage in the next speech, appears to countenance the present reading:

— that he should dream,

"Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will

"Answer his emptiness!" M. MASON.

P. 170, l. 4. Be stag'd to the show,] — the

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 35.

is, exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the publick gaze. HENLEY.

P. 170, l. 5. 6. — men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes;] i. e. as we should
 say at present, are of a piece with them.

STEEVENS

P. 170, l. 18. — *to squard*] i. e. to quarrel

STEEVENS

P. 170, l. 20. 21. The loyalty, well held to
fools, does make

Our faith mere folly:] After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Though loyalty, stubbornly preserv'd to a master in his declin'd fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read:

*Though loyalty, well held to fools, does make
 Our faith mere folly* — THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Haumer follows Theobald; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

P. 171, l. 2-4. — *Caesar entreats,*

*Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
 Further than he is Caesar.*] i. e. Caesar in-
 treats, that at the same time you consider your
 desperate fortunes, you would consider he is
 Caesar: That is, generous and forgiving, able and
 willing to restore them. WARBURTON.

P. 171, l. 30. 31. Say to great Caesar th
In disputation

and unsheathed: Might not the Moors in Spain borrow this custom of the Goths who intermixed with them? TOLLER.

"I believe it means that Caesar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is just, appears from a passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says,

"I shall stay here the forehorse to a snock,

"Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

"Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

"But one to dance with."

The word *worn* shows that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrhick, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed) in which the sword was *not* worn in the hand, but held in the hand with the point upward. MALONE.

P. 166, first l. [That the mad Brutus had:]

Nothing can be more in character, than for an im-

passioned debauched youth to call the heroic love of

one's country and public liberty, mad.

WARRINGTON.

P. 166, 1st l. 12. — he alone

Dealt on Lieutenantry; I do not know whether

he means to say, that Caesar acted only as a lieuten-

ant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts on-

ly on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony.

JOHNSON.

Dealt on Lieutenantry, I believe, means only,

fought by proxy, made war by his lieutenants,

on the strength of his lieutenants. STEEVENS.

ing over

— all-obeyed over.
All-obeying breath is, in Shakspeare.
So, inexpressive for inexpressible, delighted
for delighting, &c. MALONE.

P. 172, l. 2. — Give me grace —]. Grant
me the favour. JOHNSON.

P. 172, l. 12 — the fullest —] The most com-
plete, and perfect. MALONE.

P. 172, l. 19. — a muss, —] i. e. a scramble.
POPE.

P. 173, l. 10. — one that looks on feeders?]
One that waits at the table while others are eating.
JOHNSON.

A feeder, or an eater, was anciently the term
of reproach for a servant. STEEVENS.

I incline to think Dr. Johnson's interpretation
of this passage the true one. MALONE.

Luxuriously means wantonly.
STEEVENS.

by Julius

P. 173, l. 15.

modern emendation, perhaps

ing is,

and fleet,

JOHNSON.

Float and

I have replaced the old reading.
were synonymous. STREEVENS.

The old reading should certainly be resto
Fleet is the ord word for float. TYNWHIT

P. 175, l. 21.

I and my sword will ear
chronicle. I

sword will do such acts as shall deserve to
corded. MALONE.

P. 175, l. 24.

I will be treble-sinew'd
ed, breath'd

tony means to say, that he will be treble
and treble-breath'd, as well as treble-

P. 175, l. 25. 26.

— for when mi
Nice

Were nice and lucky, I
courtly, flowing in peace. WARR

ANTONIE ANA CLEOPATRA.

320

as the source of Jews as well as rain. ~~His~~ is
instead of ~~the~~. Stevens says and to amend
Whitt's amendment is more likely to be right,
a Stevens's explanation. M. M. M. says good
believe the last is the right explanation. 9

HENLEY.

The last of Mr. Stevens' explanations certainly is in the sense of Shakspeare. If *his* be not used *its*, he has made a person of the *Morn-drop*.

WATSON.

1. 68, l. 5. *The circlet of the Protevilles*] the diadem; the ensign of royalty. Johnson's 1. 68, l. 10. — *friend*, i. e. paramour.

Observe how Antony becomes

...and yet at times *first, flax, &c.* That is,
voluntarily conforming himself to this branch of
fortune. Johnson. *Abol. of Slavery*, p. 169,
first l. *Wash. & Mad. die.*—Consider
at length of ending your life is most preferable,
I immediately adopt it. HENLEY.

2. 169, f. 8, r^v - "et de his capitulis" i. e.

the spark of holy love and devotion and
the spark of holy love and devotion and

The inserted question is: "The moral question is, then, I do not understand. I know not what"

The mooted question is whether the

That is the disputed point, the subject of de-

tion, if it can hear anything, only with
no violence of language, merely the disputed

possibly Shakespeare might have coined the word

grad_n, and derived it from the adjectives *grad*
or *gradish*. In that case, the numeral question will

... ..

this, Antony sent a challenge to fight him hand to hand, and receiver, that he might find several other ways life. UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to it had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared by Sir T. Haumer. JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense and given so in the modern translations speare was misled by the ambiguity of "Antonius sent again to challenge Caesar: Caesar answered, that he had ways to die, than so." FARMER.

P. 177, l. 4. *Make boot of* —] *Tage of.* JOHNSON.

P. 177, l. 28. — *Take all.*] *Let take all.* No composition, victory or death.

P. 178, l. 6-8. *'Tis one of those*
which set

Out of the mind.] I know no security the editors find in this passage here used in the sense in which it is used day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar. T. Haumer changes it to *freaks*, and Upton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *travail*.

P. 178, l. 24, 25. — *you shall not*
or if,

A mangled shadow:] *Or if you*
you will see me a mangled shadow
external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 31. — *yield you* —] *i*
you. STEEVENS.

P. 178, last but one l. *And I* —
*ey d; \ \ *

as full of tears as if they had been *tried*

P. 179, first l. *Ho, ho, ho!*] i. e. *stop*, or *desist*.

Mr. Tyrwhitt in a note on ver. 2535, of the *Canterbury Tales*, doubts whether this interjection was used except to command a cessation of fighting. The succeeding quotations, however, will, while they illustrate an obscurity in Shakspeare, prove that he was by no means so confined in its meaning. Gawin Douglas translates — "*Heleburn, farique vetat Saturnia Juno*," (*Aeneid* L. 3. v. 380.)

"The doughter of auld Saturn Juno.

"Forbiddis Helenus to speik it, and crys *ho*."

In the Glossary to the folio edition of this Translation, *Edinb.* 1710, it is said that "*Ho* is an interjection commanding to desist or leave off."

It occurs again in *Langham's Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle*, 1575, 42mo. p. 61, cited in *The Reliques of Antient Poetry*: "Heer was no *ho* in devout drinkyng." HOLT WHITE.

P. 179, l. 10. — *death and honour.*] That is, an honourable death. Upton.

P. 180, l. 5. [*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*] This circumstance (as I collect from Mr. Warton) might have been suggested to Shakspeare by some of the machineries in Masques. Holinshed, describing a very curious device or spectacle presented before Queen Elizabeth, insists particularly on the secret or misterious musick of some fictitious Nymphs; "which, he adds, surely had been a noble hearing, and the more melodious for the varietie [novelty] therefore, because it should come secretlie and strangelic out of the earth." Vol. III. f. 1297. STEEVENS.

Thine iron is the iron which the hand, i. e. Antony's armour. So, *V. Henry* says to a soldier, "Give me meaning Henry's own glove, which that moment had in his hat. *MAR.*

P. 181, l. 15-18. *Cleo. Nay, I*
These three little speeches, which editions are only one, and given to happily disentangled by Sir T. H.

P. 181, l. 23. *Briefly, Sir.] T*
Sir. JOHNSON.

P. 181, l. 27. *To doff's for ou*
doff is to *do off*, to put off. *Sir*

P. 181, l. 29. *More tight at th*
Tight is handy, adroit. So, in *The Windsor*:—"hear you these lewd
the country a tight has still sign

ANTONY AND CLE

iven them to the soldier, who
ply to what Antony said.
What sayst thou?" compared
us, shew that the speech begin
e ever near thee?" &c. belongs
is regulation was made by Mr. (

. 183, last but one l. — Eros
s the second folio; except that th
ere, for the sake of metre, tra
folio has —

Dispatch Enobarbus.

Johnson would read:

espatch! To Enobarbus;

fr. Holt White supposes: that
astonished at the news of the d
bus, merely repeats his name in
."

opinion, Antony was designed
he order he had already given
erefore followed the second folio

be evident to any person who
folio with attention and candor
e alterations must have been fu
rrected copy of the first folio,
equal weight, being such as no p
one so ignorant and capricious
ven represented, could have pos
thout that sort of information. Al
e emendations is the present, w
ing improvement both of the s
re, and should of course be inse
ns:

honest men. Eros, despatch
composition, which is a mere

frequent inadvertence of the press, &c. in a subsequent scene:

“Unarm, Eros; the long day’s task
Where the measure plainly requires,
Shor must have written, — Eros, un-

P. 184, l. 6. *Our will is, Anton*
alive;] It

able with what judgment Shakspeare character of Octavius. Antony was his the other was not to shine; yet being a character, there was a necessity to draw. But the ancient historians, his flatterers livered him down so fair, that he seem and died for a hero. Amidst these Shakspeare has extricated himself with gr He has admitted all those great strokes racter as he found them, and yet has a very unamiable character, deceitful, ried, narrow-minded, proud, and rev

P. 184, l. 10-12. Prove this a pros
the three-no

Shall bear the olive freely.] i. e. s
up every where spontaneously and with

Dr. Warburton mistakes the sense of the *bear* does not mean to produce, but to car meaning is, that the world shall then enjo ings of peace, of which olive-branches w blem. The success of Augustus could ne the nature of things, as to make the grow without culture in all climates, b the gates of the temple of Janus. M. M

I doubt whether Mr. M. Mason’s ex the word *bear* be just. The poet

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

not intend to speak literally; and might only that, should this prove a prosperous day, would be no occasion to labour to effect a throughout the world; it would take place with any effort or negotiation. MALONE.

P. 184, l. 21. 22. — *there did persuade Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar*
The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly.

JOHNSON
It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old translation of Plutarch are: — “for which he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *persuaded* him to turne to Caesar.”

MALONE
P. 185, l. 10. 11. *I am alone the villain of the earth,*

And feel I am so most.] That is, and feel am so, more than any one else thinks it.

M. MASON
Surely, this explanation cannot be right. *I am alone the villain of the earth*, means, I am pre-eminently the first, the greatest villain of earth. To stand alone, is still used in that sense, where any one towers above his contemporaries. *I feel I am so most*, must mean, *now it myself*

this, Antony sent a challenge to C fight him hand to hand, and received, that he might find several other ways of life. UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared by Sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of and given so in the modern translations; appears was misled by the ambiguity of "Antonius sent again to challenge Caesar: Caesar answered, that he had more ways to die, than so." FARMER.

P. 177, l. 4. *Make boot of —*] *Take* tage of. JOHNSON.

P. 177, l. 28. — *Take all.*] Let it take all. No composition, victory or death.

P. 178, l. 6-8. *'Tis one of those* which sorrow

Out of the mind.] I know not security the editors find in this passage, here used in the sense in which it is not day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar. T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Upton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *trails*.

P. 178, l. 24. 25. — you shall not see or if,

A mangled shadow:] Or if you see you will see me a mangled shadow external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

P. 178, l. 51. — *yield you —*] *I* you. STEEVENS.

P. 178, last but one l. *And I — ey'd;*] I have as full of tears as if they had been fretted

we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions. WARBURTON.

P. 100, l. 11, 12. *But being charg'd, we will be still by land,*

Which, as I take't, we shall;] i. e. unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*. WARBURTON.

"*But* (says Mr. Lamb in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Haddon*) signifies *without*," in which sense it is often used in the North. "*Boots but spurs*." Vulg. Again, in Kelly's Collection of Scots proverbs: "— He could eat me *but* salt." Again: "He gave me whittings *but* bones." Again, in Chaucer's *Persones Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. "Full oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, *but* he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon." *But* is from the Saxon *butan*. Thus *butan leus*; *absque falso*, without a lie. Again, in *The Vintner's Play* in the Chester collection. Brit. Mus. MS. Harl. 2075. p. 29:

"*Abraham*. Oh comely creature, *but* I thee kill,

"I grieve my God, and that full ill."

See also Ray's *North Country Words*:

STEVENS.

P. 100, l. 5. — *Triple-turn'd whore!*] She was first for Antony, then was supposed by him to have *turned* to Cæsar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand; then she *turned* again to Antony, and now has *turned* to Cæsar. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, but our author might perhaps have written *triple*

P. 180; l. 21. *It signs well,*]
well, &c. STREVSNS.

P. 181, l. 7. — *my chuck.* —]

P. 181, l. 10. — *put thine iron o*
it should be rather, — mine iron — JOHNSON.

Thine iron is the iron which the
hand, i. e. Antony's armour. So,
Henry says to a soldier, "Give m
meaning Henry's own glove, whil
that moment had in his hat. MAL

P. 181, l. 15-18. Cleo. *Nay,*]
These three little speeches, whic
editions are only one, and given to
happily disentangled by Sir T. Ha

P. 181, l. 23. *Briefly, Sir.*] T
Sir. JOHNSON.

P. 181, l. 27. *To doff's for our*
doff is to *do off*, to put off. STR

P. 181, l. 29. *More light at the*
Tight's handy, adroit. So, in *The*
Windsor: — "bear you these l
the country, a *tight* has still signi

P. 183, l. 5. Sold. *The God*
happy day]

'Tis evident, as Dr. Thindby likew
by what Antony immediately repli
should not be placed to Bros
who, before the battle of Antony
to try his fate at land. THRO
The same mistake has, I think,
next *two* speeches addressed to
are also given in the old copy to

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

for the least piece of money: we must then read the next word:

— *for doits*, —
i. e. farthings, which shows what he means *poorest diminutives*. WARBURTON.

There was surely no occasion for the poet to show what he meant by *poorest diminutives*. The expression is clear enough, and certainly requires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read:

For poorest diminutives, to doits; —
This aggravates the contempt of her situation; to be shown as monsters are, not only for the smallest piece of money, but to most stupid and vulgar spectators. TAYLOR.
I have adopted this truly sensible emendation. STEPHENS.

It appears to me much more probable that *doits* should have been printed for *doits*, than that *doits* should have been substituted for *doits*.

Whichever of these emendations be adopted, there is still a difficulty. Though monsters are shown to the stupid and vulgar for *poorest diminutives*, yet Cleopatra according to Antony's position, would certainly be exhibited to the mean populace for nothing. Nor can it be that he means that she would be exhibited as monsters are shown for small pieces of money, because his words are "monster-like," he is shown for *poorest diminutives*, &c. MALON.

P. 192, first l. *With her prepared* n. i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for purpose. WARBURTON.

P. 192, l. 6-11. — Teach me, Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy



200 .AHTA(1822)200

Let me lodge Lichas on
 And with those hands
 Subdue my worthiest son
 reads thus:

— thy rage
 Led thee lodge Lichas —
 Subdue thy worthiest son

This reading, harsh as it is
 received, after having rejected
 meaning is, Let me do some
 becoming the successor of He

This image our poet seems
 Seneca's *Hercules*, who says
 ed into the air, sprinkled
 blood. Sophocles, on the s
 at a much soberer rate. WA

Shakspeare was more proba
 ding's version of *Ovid's Meta*
 edit. 1575. STEEVENS.

P. 102, l. 19-21. — O, h
 Than Telamon for his

It is never so wicked
 for his shield as i. e. himself
 armour of Achilles, & the
 which was the shield
 was the beam killed by Helen

Embedded in a hunting
 hand run, and forms of the
 be added. HAWKINS.

P. 105, l. 11-13. — They

They are black verse
 beasty soul of the expres

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 551

unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age.

T. WARTON.

193, l. 17. *The rack dislimns;*] i. e. The going away of the clouds destroys the picture.

STEEVENS.

193, l. 20. *Kleopatra* is servant. STEEVENS.

193, l. 26-28. — *she, Bros, has pack'd cards with Caesar, and fals'd play'd my glory.*

Into an enemy's triumph. —] Shakspeare here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a trivial subject; but has ennobled it with much by so contriving that the principal term in subject from whence the metaphor was taken, did belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is transferred: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, the nobleness of the thought. And this by word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contracted, *the trump at cards*, then called the *triumph or triumphing sort*. WARBURTON.

his explanation is very just; the thought did deserve so good an annotation. JOHNSON.

his use of the word *triumph* comes to us from French, who at this day call *the trump at cards*, *la triomphe*. STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, saw more than his author means. Shakspeare, I think, only intended to say, that Cleopatra by collusion play'd the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as to sacrifice Antony's life to that of his enemy. — The playing false to the adversary's trump card (as Dr. Warburton says the words,) conveys no distinct idea. T

plain sense of the passage will appear following dialogue in Florio's *Second Part*:
 "S. What-a shuffling do you keepe cardes? — A. I playe fair playe; as them as I ought. S. Dothinks you p set them?" MALONE.

P. 104, l. 20. The *battery* from would read:

This *battery* from my heart. —

P. 104, l. 21. — *thy content*, thing that contains thee. So, in *Ham* shall find in him the *content* of a gentleman would see." STRECHS.

P. 104, l. 28. All length is to strongly suspect that, instead of length, thou wrote — *life*. STRECHS.

P. 104, l. 31. — *Seal them; and all i* Metaphor taken from civil contracts, w all is agreed on; the sealing completed tract; so he hath determined to die, a remain'd but to give the stroke. WAR I believe the reading is

— seal them, and all is done. To seal hawks, is to close their eyes. ing will be:

Close thine eyes for ever, and be qu

P. 104, last l. & P. 105, first l. IF do couch on powers, we'll have And with our spectacles port make

Dido and her Aeneas shall war Dr. Warburton has justly observed that seems not to have known that Dido were not likely to be seated thus associated, "where seats do couch on f

undoubtedly had read Phaer's translation of Virgil, but probably had forgot the celebrated description in the sixth book :

Talibus Aeneas ardentem et torva tuentem
Lacribat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat.
Illa solo fixos oculos *aversa* tenebat : —
Tandem proripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
Ip nemiis umbriferum. — MALONE.

Dr. Warburton has also observed that Shakspeare most probably wrote — *Sichaeus*. At least, I believe, he intended to have written so, on the strength of the passage immediately following the lines already quoted :

— conjux ubi pristinus illi
Respondet curis, aequatque *Sichaeus* amorem.

Thus rendered by Phaer, edit. 1558 :

" — where ioynt with her, her husband old,
" *Sycheus* doth complayne, and equall loue
with her doth holde."

But *Aeneas* being the more familiar name of the two, our author inadvertently substituted the one for the other. STEEVENS.

P. 195, l. 10-12. — condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mine
Than she, &c.] "Condemn myself to lack,

&c. however licentiously, may have been employed to signify — condemn myself for lacking even the courage of a woman.

To mind, in this instance, may be a verb, signifying to incline, or be disposed. STEEVENS
P. 195, l. 27. — with pleach'd arms,] As folded in each other. JOHNSON.

P. 195, l. 28. His corrigible neck,] *gible* for corrected, and afterwards penetr

penetrating. So Virgil has "*penetrabilis frigus*" for "*penetrans frigus*," in his *Georgics*.

P. 195, l. 31. *His baseness that ensued*
The poor conquered wretch that followed.

P. 196, l. 41. *The worship, is the dignity, the authority.* Johnson

P. 196, l. 32. *A bridegroom in my death*
This thought has occurred before in *Measure for Measure*.

"I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms." Stowe, and

Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles Darnley, one of the Earl of Essex's associates, says that "having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death, he prayed very devoutly." Malone. *She had disposed with Caesar*
To dispose, in this instance, perhaps signifies to make terms, to settle matters.

P. 199, l. 7. *His death's upon him, but not*
The definite measure, and want of respect in the speaker induce me to suppose, that this line originally stood thus:

His death's upon him, Madam, but not dead

P. 200, l. 11-14. *Arthur upon*
Burn the great aphorism: show me a man who has moved and is not a darkling stand alone.

The varying shore of the world's light
sires the sun to burn his outward side
of light, and then the earth will be dark
and the sun will be a yellow star, and

we may best disrupt their terrorism by and use
their weapons. WASHINGTON, D.C. 20505

P. 120, l. 14. 1200. But being chang'd, we will
be still by land.

Which, as I take't, we shall;] s. e. unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet. At last, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. But being

charg'd was a phrase of that time, equivalent to
unless we be - WASHINGTON

sl. "But" (says Mr. Leys in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Havelock*), signifies *without*, "in which sense it is often used in the North. *Roots but spurs.*" *Vulg.*

Again, in Kelly's "Collection of Scots proverbs": "He could eat me but salt." Again: "He gave me whittings but bones." Again, in Chau-

ger's *Persones Tale*, Ed. Tyrwhitt's edit. "Full
oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owne
perfection; but he be stronger than Sampson, or
holier than David, or wiser than Solomon." But
is from the *Saxon Buten*. This *buten* leas:

MS. Harley 913, page 20 verso, folio 20v.

Oh wretched creature, but I shall
 be "I thank my God, and that tell all."

See also Day's North Country Words; 1910-1911
 1912-1913; 1914-1915; 1916-1917; 1918-1919; 1920-1921; 1922-1923; 1924-1925; 1926-1927; 1928-1929; 1930-1931; 1932-1933; 1934-1935; 1936-1937; 1938-1939; 1940-1941; 1942-1943; 1944-1945; 1946-1947; 1948-1949; 1950-1951; 1952-1953; 1954-1955; 1956-1957; 1958-1959; 1960-1961; 1962-1963; 1964-1965; 1966-1967; 1968-1969; 1970-1971; 1972-1973; 1974-1975; 1976-1977; 1978-1979; 1980-1981; 1982-1983; 1984-1985; 1986-1987; 1988-1989; 1990-1991; 1992-1993; 1994-1995; 1996-1997; 1998-1999; 2000-2001; 2002-2003; 2004-2005; 2006-2007; 2008-2009; 2010-2011; 2012-2013; 2014-2015; 2016-2017; 2018-2019; 2020-2021; 2022-2023; 2024-2025; 2026-2027; 2028-2029; 2030-2031; 2032-2033; 2034-2035; 2036-2037; 2038-2039; 2040-2041; 2042-2043; 2044-2045; 2046-2047; 2048-2049; 2050-2051; 2052-2053; 2054-2055; 2056-2057; 2058-2059; 2060-2061; 2062-2063; 2064-2065; 2066-2067; 2068-2069; 2070-2071; 2072-2073; 2074-2075; 2076-2077; 2078-2079; 2080-2081; 2082-2083; 2084-2085; 2086-2087; 2088-2089; 2090-2091; 2092-2093; 2094-2095; 2096-2097; 2098-2099; 2100-2101; 2102-2103; 2104-2105; 2106-2107; 2108-2109; 2110-2111; 2112-2113; 2114-2115; 2116-2117; 2118-2119; 2120-2121; 2122-2123; 2124-2125; 2126-2127; 2128-2129; 2130-2131; 2132-2133; 2134-2135; 2136-2137; 2138-2139; 2140-2141; 2142-2143; 2144-2145; 2146-2147; 2148-2149; 2150-2151; 2152-2153; 2154-2155; 2156-2157; 2158-2159; 2160-2161; 2162-2163; 2164-2165; 2166-2167; 2168-2169; 2170-2171; 2172-2173; 2174-2175; 2176-2177; 2178-2179; 2180-2181; 2182-2183; 2184-2185; 2186-2187; 2188-2189; 2190-2191; 2192-2193; 2194-2195; 2196-2197; 2198-2199; 2200-2201; 2202-2203; 2204-2205; 2206-2207; 2208-2209; 2210-2211; 2212-2213; 2214-2215; 2216-2217; 2218-2219; 2220-2221; 2222-2223; 2224-2225; 2226-2227; 2228-2229; 2230-2231; 2232-2233; 2234-2235; 2236-2237; 2238-2239; 2240-2241; 2242-2243; 2244-2245; 2246-2247; 2248-2249; 2250-2251; 2252-2253; 2254-2255; 2256-2257; 2258-2259; 2260-2261; 2262-2263; 2264-2265; 2266-2267; 2268-2269; 2270-2271; 2272-2273; 2274-2275; 2276-2277; 2278-2279; 2280-2281; 2282-2283; 2284-2285; 2286-2287; 2288-2289; 2290-2291; 2292-2293; 2294-2295; 2296-2297; 2298-2299; 2300-2301; 2302-2303; 2304-2305; 2306-2307; 2308-2309; 2310-2311; 2312-2313; 2314-2315; 2316-2317; 2318-2319; 2320-2321; 2322-2323; 2324-2325; 2326-2327; 2328-2329; 2330-2331; 2332-2333; 2334-2335; 2336-2337; 2338-2339; 2340-2341; 2342-2343; 2344-2345; 2346-2347; 2348-2349; 2350-2351; 2352-2353; 2354-2355; 2356-2357; 2358-2359; 2360-2361; 2362-2363; 2364-2365; 2366-2367; 2368-2369; 2370-2371; 2372-2373; 2374-2375; 2376-2377; 2378-2379; 2380-2381; 2382-2383; 2384-2385; 2386-2387; 2388-2389; 2390-2391; 2392-2393; 2394-2395; 2396-2397; 2398-2399; 2400-2401; 2402-2403; 2404-2405; 2406-2407; 2408-2409; 2410-2411; 2412-2413; 2414-2415; 2416-2417; 2418-2419; 2420-2421; 2422-2423; 2424-2425; 2426-2427; 2428-2429; 2430-2431; 2432-2433; 2434-2435; 2436-2437; 2438-2439; 2440-2441; 2442-2443; 2444-2445; 2446-2447; 2448-2449; 2450-2451; 2452-2453; 2454-2455; 2456-2457; 2458-2459; 2460-2461; 2462-2463; 2464-2465; 2466-2467; 2468-2469; 2470-2471; 2472-2473; 2474-2475; 2476-2477; 2478-2479; 2480-2481; 2482-2483; 2484-2485; 2486-2487; 2488-2489; 2490-2491; 2492-2493; 2494-2495; 2496-2497; 2498-2499; 2500-2501; 2502-2503; 2504-2505; 2506-2507; 2508-2509; 2510-2511; 2512-2513; 2514-2515; 2516-2517; 2518-2519; 2520-2521; 2522-2523; 2524-2525; 2526-2527; 2528-2529; 2530-2531; 2532-2533; 2534-2535; 2536-2537; 2538-2539; 2540-2541; 2542-2543; 2544-2545; 2546-2547; 2548-2549; 2550-2551; 2552-2553; 2554-2555; 2556-2557; 2558-2559; 2560-2561; 2562-2563; 2564-2565; 2566-2567; 2568-2569; 2570-2571; 2572-2573; 2574-2575; 2576-2577; 2578-2579; 2580-2581; 2582-2583; 2584-2585; 2586-2587; 2588-2589; 2590-2591; 2592-2593; 2594-2595; 2596-2597; 2598-2599; 2600-2601; 2602-2603; 2604-2605; 2606-2607; 2608-2609; 2610-2611; 2612-2613; 2614-2615; 2616-2617; 2618-2619; 2620-2621; 2622-2623; 2624-2625; 2626-2627; 2628-2629; 2630-2631; 2632-2633; 2634-2635; 2636-2637; 2638-2639; 2640-2641; 2642-2643; 2644-2645; 2646-2647; 2648-2649; 2650-2651; 2

was first for Antony, then was supposed by him to have turned to Cleopatra, when he found his messenger kissing his hand, then she turned again to Antony, and so forth.

Analysis, and now has turned to Great Britain. I mention what has dropped into my investigation that our author might perhaps have intended to

of *Hamlet*, *under* *scold* in the sense of a learned coadjutor would recommend.

P. 191, l. 22, 23. *Like a right gip*

Beguile me. There is a kind of passage arising from the corruption of *Aegyptian* into *gypsy*. The old law-such persons as ramble about the country pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling. *Aegyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term a cheating game, of which the following description. A leatheren belt is made up in a number of intricate folds, and placed edge on a table. One of the folds is made to the middle of the girdle, so that whoever thrust a shewer into it would think he is to the table; whereas, when he has so person with whom he plays may take both ends, and draw it away. This is known to the common people. By the *pricking at the belt or girdle* and practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakespeare.

That the Aegyptians were great adepts in art before Shakespeare's time, may be seen in *Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, where these practices are fully explained. P. 191, l. 23. — *To the very heart* To the utmost loss possible. JOHNSON.

P. 191, l. 32, 33. *A most monster* *show* *For poor as diminutives, to doll* copy — for dolls; — As the allusion, monsters carried about in shows, it is the word, the process diminutives.

P. 200, l. 17. *Quicken with kissing;] That is, **Re vive** by my kiss.* JOHNSON.

P. 200, l. 24. *That the false housewife Fortune &c.] This despicable line has occurred before.* JOHNSON.

P. 201, l. 12. *The soldier's pole is fallen;] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation.* JOHNSON.

P. 201, l. 22-25. *Iras, Royal Egypt! Empress!*

Char. *Peace, peace, Iras.*

Cleo. *No more, but e'en a woman;]* Cleopatra is discoursing with her women; but she naturally replies to Iras who had addressed herself to her, and not to Charmian, who only interposed to prevent Iras from continuing to speak. Strike out the speech of Charmian, which is said aside to Iras, and the sense will be evident: Iras addresses Cleopatra by the titles of *Royal Egypt* and *Empress!* which Cleopatra rejects as ill suited to her present condition; and says, she is no more in that state of elevation, but on a level with the rest of her sex. M. MASON.

Peace, peace, Iras, is said by Charmian, when she sees the Queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome. JOHNSON.

P. 201, l. 28. *the meanest chares.] i. e. menial work. Hence our term **chore-woman**.* STEEVENS.

P. 202, l. 22, 23. *Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by*

The pauses that he makes.] Frustrate, for frustrated, was the language of Shakspeare's time.

The second interpretation given by Mr. Steevens in the following note is a just interpretation of the text as now regulated; but extraneous from the words

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns of the
And with those hands, that grasp'd the
Subdue thy worthiest self.
— thy rage

Led thee lodge Lichas, and
Subdue thy worthiest self.

This reading, harsh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules. JOHNSON.

This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who, as Lichas being trampled upon the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate. WARBURTON.

Shakespeare was more probably indebted to Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. B. II. edit. 1575. STEVENSON.

P. 102, l. 29-31. — Ajax is more mad than Telamon for his shield; the bear of Thessaly

Was never so unboarded. — Then Telamon for his shield; i. e. than Ajax Telamon for the armour of Achilles, the most valuable part of which was the shield. The bear of Thessaly was the bear killed by Meleager. STEVENSON.

Emboss'd is a hunting term: when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be emboss'd. HANMER.

P. 103, l. 11-13. — Thou hast seen these signs. They are black vesper's pageants. The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is

P. 203, l. 10-15. *The breaking of so great
A greater crack? The ruin'd world should
have shook*

*Lions into civil streets, and citizens
And citizens to their dens.* I think, here
a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in
next. The sense seems to have been this. *The
ruin'd world should have shook, and this great
iteration of the system of things should send lions
to streets, and citizens into dens.* There is
the still, but it is harsh and violent. JAMESON.

I believe we should read — *A greater crack than
this. The ruin'd world, i. e. the general disrup-
tion of elements, should have shook, &c.* Shak-
speare seems to mean that the death of so great a
man ought to have produced effects similar to those
which might be expected from the dissolution
of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost.
Shake any thing out, is a phrase in common
among our ancient writers.
Perhaps, however, Shakspeare might mean un-
der more here than merely an earthquake, in
which the shaking of the round world was to be
violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into
ties, and the inhabitants of cities into woods.

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if
we consider *shook* (more properly *shaken*) as the
article past of a verb active. The metre would
be improved if the lines were distributed thus:
*The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens.* TAYLOR.

P. 205, l. 27, 28. *The Gods rebuke me, but
I should not be here, nor should I have been*

To wash the eyes of Kings.] That is, May the Gods rebuke me, if this be not tidings to make Kings weep.

But, again, for if not. JOHNSON.

P. 203, l. 32. 53. *His taints and honours Waged equal with him.]* For *waged*, [the reading of the first folio] the modern editions have *weighed*. JOHNSON.

It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello* it occurs again:

"To wake and *wage* a danger profitless."

It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, *his taints and honours* were on equal match; i. e. were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. STEEVENS.

Read — *weigh* — with the second folio, where it is only misspelled *way*. RITSON.

P. 204, l. 5-9. *I have follow'd thee to this;
— But we do lance*

*Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not stall to-
gether*

In the whole world:] — For *lance*, the old copy has *launch*. — *Launch* was the ancient, and is still the vulgar pronunciation of *lance*. Nurses always talk of *launching* the gums of children, when they have difficulty in cutting teeth.

I have followed thee, says Caesar, to this; i. e. I have pursued thee; till I compelled thee to self-destruction. But, adds the speaker, (at once extenuating his own conduct, and considering the deceased as one with whom he had been united by the ties of relationship as well as policy, as one who had been a part of himself) the violence, with which I proceeded, was not my choice; I had

me but by him as we do by our own natural bones. I have employed force, where force only could be effectual. I have shed the blood of the reclaimable Antony on the same principle that lance a disease incurable by gentler means.

STRATONS.

When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet: and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony is to me a disease; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.

Launch, the word in the old copy, is only the old spelling of *lance*. See Minshew's Dict. in MALONE.

P. 204, l. 15. *Where mine his thoughts did kindle,] His* M. Mason.

P. 204, l. 17. 18. — *should divide Our equatness to this.] That is, should we made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.* JOHNSON.

P. 204, l. 23. *Mes. A poor Egyptian yet. The Queen my mistress,] this punctuation is right, the manuscript says, that he is yet an Egyptian, that is, yet a servant of the Queen of Egypt, though about to become a subject of Rome. JOHNSON.*

P. 204, l. 31. *How honourably will she bindly be Determined for her.] Our author often usesjectives adverbially. The modern editors, however, all read — honourably. MALONE.*

P. 204, l. 32, 33. *— for Queen's beauty*

To be ungentle, &c. The old copy, Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE

P. 205, l. 5. 6. — *for her life in*
It could be eternal in our triumph
reads judiciously enough, but without a

It could be eternal in our triumph
The sense is, *If she dies here, she*
is forgotten, but if I send her in
Rome, her memory and my glory will

P. 205, l. 1. 2. 3. 4. *Room in the*
Entrep. Cleopatra, &c. Our author is
tempted to exhibit at once the outside
side of a building. It would be impos-
sible to present this scene in any way on the sta-
ge, making Cleopatra and her attendants
their speeches till the Queen is seized
monument. MALONE

P. 205, l. 26. *fortune's knave*
and misfortune. JOHNSON

P. 205, l. 1. 2. 3. 4. *And it is grec*
To do that thing that ends all of
Which shackles accidents, and
change

Which sleeps, and never palates
dung,

The beggar's nurse and Caesar
difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty
arises only from this, that the act of
the state which is the effect of suicide are
ed. Voluntary death, says she, is an
bolts up change, and produces a state

Which sleeps, and never palates
dung,

The beggar's nurse, and Caesar

Which has no longer need of the gross and term-
ine sustenance, in the use of which Caesar and
he beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such
state is surely natural. JOHNSON.

P. 206, l. 25-27. — *and you shall find*

A conqueror, that will pray in aid for
kindness;

Where he for grace is kneels to.] *Praying*

in aid is a term used for a petition made in a
court of justice for the calling in of help from
another that hath an interest in the cause in ques-
tion. HAMMER.

P. 206, l. 29, 30. *I am his fortune's slave,*
and I send him

The greatness he has got,] *Alas, that*
he my conqueror; *I own his superiority with*
complete submission. JOHNSON.

Johnson has mistaken the meaning of *this* *great-
ness*, nor will the words bear the construction he
gives them. It appears to me, that by *this* *great-
ness he has got*, she means her crown, which he
has won; and I suppose that when she pro-
nounces these words, she delivers to Proculeius either
her crown, or some other sign of royalty.

20011

M. MASON.

P. 207, l. 7. *Guard her till Caesar come.]*

This line in the first edition is given to Proculeius;
but to him it certainly belongs; although perhaps
misplaced. I would put it at the end of his first
long speech.

Where he for grace is kneels to.

[*Aside to Gallus.*] *You see, how easily*

she may be surpris'd.

Then while Cleopatra makes a fearful answer,

Gildes, upon the high-gilded, silver
 ceiling; interrupting the civility of his ap-
 pearance, your page is obliged to do it
 Of him who was said it. . . . I, p
 tried out. . . . [Sir, I will eat and
 drink but I will not sleep neither.]

P. 207, l. 26-28. — *come, come, wa-*
ite a Queen — a Queen

Worth many babes and beggars!]
 death, wilt thou not rather seize a Queen, th
 ploy thy force upon babes and beggars. J

P. 207, l. 30-33. *Sir, I will eat and*
drink but I will not sleep neither.

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither.] I will n

and if it will be necessary now for once t
 a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I
 sleep neither. In common conversation v
 use will be, with as little relation to d
 As, Now I am going, it will be fit for
 dine first. JOHNSON.

Once may mean sometimes. Of this
 the word I have already given instances,
The Merry Wives of Windsor, and *Kin-*
ry VIII. The meaning of *Cleopatra* seem
 this. If idle talking be sometimes neces
 the prolongation of life, why I will not of
 fear of talking idly in my sleep.

The sense designed, however, may be
 be necessary, for once, to talk of perform
 possibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither.
 little confidence, however, in these attes
 produce a meaning from the words under
 deration. STEEVENS.

P. 208, l. 7. *My country's high*
my gibbet,

designed we should read—*pyramides*,—Lat. instead of *pyramids*, and so the folio reads. The verse will otherwise be defective. STEEVENS.

P. 209, l. 10. 11. — *his rear'd arm*

Crested the world:] Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet. PERCY.

P. 209, l. 19 - 21. — *realms and islands were
his plates dropp'd from his pocket.]* Plates mean, I believe, *silver money*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens justly interprets *plates*. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If *gules*, or red, they are called *torteauxes*; if *or*, or yellow, *bezants*; if *argent*, or white, *plates*, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp. WHALLEY.

P. 209, l. 29. 30. — *Nature wants stuff*

To vie strange forms with fancy:] To vie was a term at cards. STEEVENS.

P. 209, l. 30 - 32. — *to imagine*

*As Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst
fancy,*

Condemning shadows quite.] The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by Nature than Fancy could present in sleep. JOHNSON.

P. 210, l. 30. *I cannot project my cause*

As I can my cause, so well.] *Project* signifies to invent a cause, not to plead it, which is the sense here required. It is plain that we should read,

The technical term, *project*, is used by Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis* 1596, p. 79, says: "I have for the *project* of this discourse." Thomas Haumer's conjecture may be likened to the word he wishes to use in the 4th eclogue of Drayton:

"Scorn'd paintings, *pargit*, and a hair." *Sir John Harrington, Metamorphosis*, 1596, p. 16.

You shall advise yourself be my counsellor, and suggest you wish to be done for your relief.

For the *project* of this discourse, I have for the *project* of this discourse.

Not petty thing, and for the *project* of this discourse, I have for the *project* of this discourse.

For the *project* of this discourse, I have for the *project* of this discourse.

P. 203, l. 10-15. *The breaking of so great
A greater crack? The round world should
have shook*

Liberty into servitude M. A. A. I have I
is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in
quest. The sense seems to have been this. The
round world should have been broken, and this great
alteration of the system of things should have
into streets and cities into towns. There is
sense in it, but it is harsh and violent.

I believe we should read — A greater crack than
which the round world, or the general disrup-
tion of elements should have shook, &c. Shak-
speare meant to mean that the death of so great a
man might have produced effects similar to those
which might be expected from the dissolution
of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost.
The simile is a thing out of a phrase in common
use among our ancient writers. Perhaps, however, Shakespeare might mean vo-
luntarily more than merely an earthquake, in
which the shaking of the round world was to be
[so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into
cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods.

The sense I think is complete and plain, if
we consider, *shake* (more properly *shaken*) as a
participle past of a verb active. The metre would
be improved if the lines were distributed thus —
The round world should have been
broken into cities, streets, and towns
into their towns.

P. 203, l. 27-28. *The Gods should have
drawn and blood*

Through the ashes of my chance. The meaning is, Begone, O that royal spirit which I had in spite of the imbecility of my predilection. This taught the Oxford ed to mischance. WARBURTON.

P. 212, l. 31-55. *Be it known
the greatest, as
For things that others do: a
fall,*

*We answer other's merits in
Are therefore to be pitied.]*
our highest state of elevation in the mankind for that which others do we fall, those that contented themselves think ill before, call us to answer names for the merits of others. fore to be pitied. Merits is in a ill sense, for actions meriting

The plain meaning is this. *The are aspersed for things which others when, by the decline of our power in a condition to be questioned, to answer in our own names for other people.*

Merit is here used, as the word is frequently is, to express a certain degree of demerit. A man may merit punishment as reward. M. MASON.

As demerits was often used in Shakespeare as synonymous to merit, so merit was used in the sense which we now use or the meaning may be only, we count, and to answer in our own

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

with which others rather than we, *deserve* charged. MALONE.

P. 213, l. 8. *Make not your thoughts*
prisons:] I once
ed to read,

Make not your thoughts your poison:

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your fortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the reading presents a very proper sense. *Be n prisoner in imagination, when in reality are free.* JOHNSON.

P. 214, l. 19. — *scald rhymers*] *Scald* a word of contempt implying poverty, dirt and filth. JOHNSON.

P. 214, l. 20. — *the quick comedians*] gay inventive players. JOHNSON.

Quick means here, rather *ready* than gay
M. M.

The lively, inventive, *quick-witted* comedians
MAL

P. 214, l. 23-25. — *and I shall see*
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.] The part
women were acted on the stage by boys.

HAN

P. 214, l. 32. *Their most absurd intentions*
Why should Cleopatra call Caesar's designs
surd? She could not think his intent of carrying
her in triumph, such, with regard to his
glory: and her finding an expedient to disappoint
him, could not bring it under that prediction.
I much rather think the poet wrote,

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I have preserved the old
certainly appeared *absurd* as
both as she thought it unreasonable
as she knew it would fail.

P. 215, l. 2. — *Sirrah*,
hence it appears that *Sirrah*
generally addressed to males, v
to females. STEEVENS.

P. 215, l. 17-20. — I
Of woman in me: Now
I am marble-constant: no
No planet is of mine.
Egyptian devotion paid to
name of Isis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our po
quainted with the devotion
paid to this planet under the
that Cleopatra having said,
woman in me, added, by
that she had not *even the ch*
peculiar to her sex, and whi
as frequently as those of th
was not, like the sea, gov
Why should she say on this
longer made use of the form
to her country?

Fleeting is inconstant. S.

Our author will himself
modious interpretation of th
whole as the marble, fou

Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Pto-
 cilius, interrupting the civility of his answer, says
 "your plight is pity'd, and I will see
 Of him that caused it." Pto. I cry
 cries out: "Guard her till Caesar come." JOHNSON.

Guard her till Caesar come. JOHNSON. P.
 P. 207, l. 26-28, "Come, come, wait, wait
 a Queen I am."

Worth many babes and beggars. Why,
 death, wilt thou not rather seize a Queen, than em-
 ploy thy force upon babes and beggars? JOHNSON.

P. 207, l. 30-33. "Sir, I will not drink; Sleep
 of idle talk will once be necessary."

"I'll not sleep neither." I will not sleep
 and if it will be necessary not for once to waste
 a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not
 sleep neither. In common conversation we often
 use will be, with no little relation to security.
 As, "Now I am going, it will be fit for me to
 dine first." JOHNSON.

Once may mean sometimes. Of this use of
 the word I have already given instances, both in
The Merry Wives of Windsor, and *King Hen-
 ry VIII.* The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be
 this. If life will be sometimes necessary to
 the prolongation of life, why I will not sleep for
 fear of losing my money sleep.

The same designed, however, may be necessary
 for once to wit of performing im-
 possibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither. I have
 little confidence, however, in these attempts to
 produce a meaning from the words under consi-
 deration.

P. 207, l. 34. "My stomach's sick, and I am
 my gillies." JOHNSON.

permission given her in p. 215, to "*play till doomsday.*" STEEVENS.

P. 219, l. 30. — *something blown.*] The flesh is somewhat *puffed*, or *swollen*. JOHNSON.

P. 220, l. 4. *She hath pursued conclusions* (*infinita*). To pursue conclusions, is to try experiments. STEEVENS.

P. 220, l. 5. *Of easy ways to die.*] Such was the death brought on by the asp's venom. STEEVENS.

P. 220, l. 8. — *clip* —] i. e. enfold.

STEEVENS.

P. 220, l. 10-12. — *their story is*

No less in pity, than his glory, which brought them to be lamented.] i. e. the narrative of such events demands not less compassion for the sufferers, than glory on the part of him who brought on their sufferings.

STEEVENS.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the female arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and working, made pompous and vapoury, according to

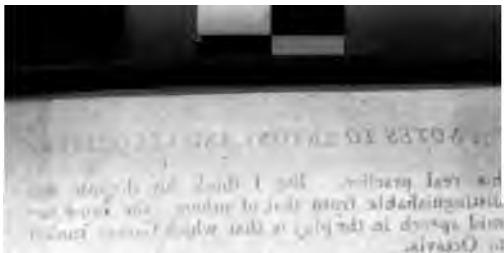
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his real practice. But I think his diction distinguishable from that of others: the most mid speech in the play is that which Caesar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced with any art of connexion or care of disposition.

JOHN

END OF THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.



The events, of which the first is the most important, led according to history, the political system, and the art of education of one of the most important.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES



with which others rather than we, *deserve* to be charged. MALONE.

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MALONE.

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Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.]* The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys.

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